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HISTORIC CATSKILL

By J.V.V. Vedder



A CURVE ON THE RIP VAN WINKLE TRAIL

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HISTORIC CATSKILL

THE CATSKILL AND THE KAATERSKILL

THE birthplace of the Catskill is on a mountain-top, its cradle a humble spring in a swamp called by the Dutch "Eckerson's Vly." A discontented, fretful infant, it wanders down the mountain-side, and fed by other little streams becomes stronger and broader, until man-size it strikes out into the world, furrowing its way through gravelly red soil, leaping over rocks or wandering through the sandy stretches of the valley, receiving the strength of many tributaries until with a broad sweep of quiet waters it finishes a forty-mile journey and is lost in the Hudson.

Its early history is that of the silence of the wilderness—an overabundance of fish in its waters, and game under the giant trees and tangled underbrush along its banks. Then the wandering red man penetrated its solitude, pitching his wigwam within sight of the broader waters of the Hudson, and greeting the Half Moon, on her voyage of discovery, with gifts of corn and squashes. They chose the lowlands for their maize-fields, while their villages occupied the foothills, and their trails followed the "Katskill to its source and down the Schoharie to the Mohawk."



VIEW FROM WINDHAM MOUNTAIN, MOHICAN TRAIL.

For many, many moons the Indians occupied the lands at Hop-o'-Nose, Mawignack and Wachachkeek. They felled the forest trees by burning, and their squaws with papoose upon their backs were the first farmerettes of this region. At "Castle Height" and on Potic Mountain were their forts; their council fire at Schodac. They were peaceful Indians when the white man found his way to the new country, and the traders visited their villages, tempting them with beads and trinkets in exchange for the skins of wild animals, and carried the news of their rich lands to the Dutch and English pioneers along the Hudson and the Mohawk.

In 1638 a Dutch vessel from Holland, the *Arms of Norway*, anchored at New Amsterdam. Among the passengers, weary and worn from a three months' voyage across the ocean, was Teunisse Dircksen (Van Vechten), his wife, child, and two servants, bound for Fort Orange. A few days later they sailed up the Hudson. Coming from the land of dykes, windmills and lowlands, followed by the monotony of an ocean voyage, they looked with wonder upon the wooded shores of the great river, its rocky palisades, steep mountain sides dropping to the water's edge; and as they ascended the stream an irregular line of blue in the distance, which the captain told them was what the Indians called *Onteoras*, "the mountains of the sky," home of witches who brewed the storms that sometimes swept the valley. Along the shores of the river was wonderful vegetation and forest growth, untouched by the axe, and on its waters no sign of life excepting now and then an Indian in his canoe.

"There is the mouth of a stream called the Katskill after our poet Jacob Kats of the homeland, he that was Keeper of the Great Seal," said the captain one day as they sailed by. "Dost see the homes of the heathen and their crops of maize? These flat lands would bring much profit to a white man. The traders say there be a plenty of rich land along the banks of this stream, but all is yet a wilderness. Perchance some day it will be inhabited, for these be peaceful Indians and hold their possessions of little value. You might well buy them for the boy Dirck with a few jack-knives and blankets."

"We will first see what is in store for us at Fort Orange," said Teunisse Dircksen, "but what you say tempts me much."

A week and more they traveled this inland waterway before they saw the Fort. There were no telephones or telegraphs to herald their coming to the brother Cornelius who had preceded them to the new country, but no doubt they were greeted joyfully, for it was a great event to welcome relatives, friends or even strangers and hear news from the home land.

Teunisse Cornelius (Van Vechten) had preceded his brother by a year and established himself on a farm at Greenbush, and it was not without forethought and inquiry that his brother had decided to follow his example. Teunisse Dirckse was not one to be easily discouraged by difficulties and dangers by sea or land, provided material benefit might result, for his was an inheritance of courage and steadfastness of purpose. His grandfather had been one of those who withstood the siege of Leyden, and he came of a race prominent in Roman church records as far back as 1200. Since the birth of the child Dirck he had a secret desire for landed possessions, such as could not be found in Holland, but he wanted reasonable assurance that these things would be his in the new country if he made the venture. When a letter came from his brother telling of his safe arrival and of certain lands that could be purchased, the great fertility of the soil, the wonderful forests and the future commercial advantages of the new land, he sat for some time smoking his long-stemmed pipe before he spoke his thought to his young vrouw.

"It would be a good thing for the lad," he said at last, "if we were to set sail for the new country. It takes but a few guilders to buy much land there, and the judgment of Cornelius, though he be but young in years, can be trusted. What think ye, mine vrouw?"

"There be wild men and dangers of all kinds; the voyage would be one of great peril for the child. Should we risk it for him?"

"The wild men give little trouble, I am told, if treated fairly, and there be plenty of stone for secure dwellings, with masons and carpenters who went with the first shiploads, to do the work. We have guilders enough to keep us in comfort if so be the plan fails. Dirck is a sturdy youngster and will take no harm. If it be God's will that the ship be lost on the way, then will we all perish, and none left to mourn another."

"Your mind seems already well made up, but we had best think on it for a time and seek divine guidance before you speak to the ship's captain. I have little desire for the new country and would be sure all is well before making the venture."

Three months later they set sail for America.

Teunisse Dirksen settled at Greenbush and in due time two sons and a daughter were added to the family. The little Dirck who crossed the ocean with his parents proved worthy of their foresight and sacrifice, became a man of reputation in the colony, married Janetjie Vrelant of Communipaw, settled at Rensselaerwyck, and with a full dozen of children in 1690 began looking for a tract of land that should furnish an estate to descend from son to son. The affairs of the province had changed during the years, and New Amsterdam had become New York, and Fort Orange Albany, but the Dutch clung to the old names.

Often Dirck's father had spoken of the lands along the Catskill which the captain had told him about, and hearing from his niece Neeltje (the daughter of his only sister Peterjie), who had married Marte Gerritse Van Bergen, Commissary of the Fort, that her husband and Silvester Salisbury (the Fort's Commander) had purchased much land along that stream, Dirck determined to secure some portion for himself. He found the land at the mouth of the Catskill had been purchased of the Indians by Claus Uylen Spiegel, and the tracts that pleased him most had also been sold by the owner, a squaw named Pewasck, to an officer of the Patroon who had been arrested by Stuyvesant for adding to the Patroon's possessions, and his claim declared void, but one of the lessees, Jan Jansen Van Bremen by name, was allowed to remain on the land. He had built a house in which a "room with a fireplace was to be reserved for the Director of Rensselaerwyck." He also agreed as early as 1651 to "hold services on every Lord's day or Holy day conducted according to the customs of the Reformed church, to sing one or more Psalms after prayers, and to live in peace with his Christian neighbors and the Indians." After a time he received a patent for the land, later selling it to Stephanus Van Courtland, who was persuaded by Dirck Teunis Van Vechten to part with it for "400 guilders in beaver skins, and 256 guilders in Patroon's money," or about \$250.

Down from Albany in 1678 came Marte Garretse Van Bergen, Commissary General at the Fort, looking for bargains in lands, and with him came Silvester Salisbury, Englishman, "Commander and man of note." They had come a weary way through the wilderness on horseback in their search, and now leaving the trail drew rein on a rock overlooking the valley which Marte Garretse had before visited with a trader.

"These be fine lowlands," said he, as they gazed on the maize-fields of the red men. "We would do well if these savages could be induced to part with their possessions. What think ye, Salisbury?"

"I would be well content if they could be secured," was the reply.

"Their wigwams are on yonder hillside; let us go hither," said Van Bergen.

To the Englishman is credited excess of guilders, and to the Dutchman agricultural and commercial ability, also a certain amount of thrift and foresight which enabled him to keep what guilders he had.

"You furnish the guilders," he had said to Salisbury, "and I will barter with the red men, survey the land and obtain the grant, receiving as compensation according to custom a portion of the land."

"Well and good, mynher. You barter with the Indians, secure the title, and I will furnish the guilders, provided they be not too many. 'Tis rich land and I would like well to secure it for my son."

Van Bergen was skilled in bargaining. His scant knowledge of the Indian tongue seemed a hindrance, but he pieced it out with gestures, and after long and tedious council with the chiefs of the tribe he displayed his knitted stockings on legs of fair proportion, and added ten pair to the tail of his offer. This proved too tempting to be resisted, and he obtained an option as it were on the land for four miles around Wachackeek "for 300 guilders, 100 ells of woolen cloth, 10 blankets, 10 axes, 10 fusees and 10 pair of stockings." 35,500 acres were included in the purchase.

Shortly after this bargain had been made, six Indian chiefs and their Sachem, Mahak-Ninimaw, journeyed to Albany, and "at the Stadt-huys formally parted with their possessions, whose boundaries were not legally fixed until some years later."

A year or so after the purchase of the lands Salisbury died. Silvester Salisbury was "a descendant of princes," an officer in command of British forces sent to capture New Amsterdam, N. Y. He married, like many a British soldier, a fair lady of Dutch birth, "Elizabeth Beek, a daughter of a master carpenter." After the capture of New Amsterdam, Salisbury was given command of Fort Orange, changing its name to Fort Albany in honor of the Duke of Albany, afterward James II. He became High Sheriff of Rensselaerwyck and Justice of the Peace of Albany.

About 1675 Salisbury was sent on a mission to England to persuade the king to cede Connecticut to New York as being essential to its future greatness. "He was well known at Court" and would be likely to be given a hearing. When Salisbury returned to New

York he brought with him furniture, silverware, pictures and various other things which he prized, among them "two swords or rapiers;" on one (a gentleman's) was engraved the date 1616, and on another 1544, "given at knighthood, supposedly by Henry VIII at the siege of Bologne," bearing the letters S. A. C. H. G. V. M. "In English law S. A. C. meant the privilege given by the king to the lord of a manor for holding court and imposing fines; H means Henry, and G. V. M. given for valor military." There was also a claymore picked up at Flodden Field, a coat of arms carved in hard wood, and a life-size oil painting of Anne Boleyn. All are still in possession of descendants.

The portrait of Anne Boleyn holds you with a fascination you cannot understand, and the longer you study it the harder it is to pass from its presence. Seen in the home of the Misses Salisbury at Catskill, where they have lived since their father left the old home, surrounded by other portraits of great interest and valuable family treasures that charm the historian and have an appeal for those previously uninterested, added to this the courtesy of the hostess, Anne Boleyn and her setting is a memory to be cherished. The portrait is supposed to have been painted by Hans Holbein, the court painter at the time of Henry VIII, and there seems no good reason to doubt that the great artist executed it. The wonderful browns that are his, the sixth finger so cleverly hidden, and "all the circumstances connected with it as well as the judgment of a noted artist to whose hands it was committed for cleaning, are convincing facts."

Anne Boleyn's grandmother presided at the court of Henry VIII, and on the death of the queen "was appointed state governess to Elizabeth" and given the "home, furniture and silverware he had bestowed upon Anne Boleyn." Robert Salisbury, a brother of Henry and ancestor of Silvester, came from his castle in Wales to a "great tournament given by Sir Rhys with horses from his own stable caparisoned for the contest." Henry married the daughter of Sir Rhys and Catharine, daughter of the Duchess of Norfolk, aunt of Queen Elizabeth, which furnishes circumstantial evidence of weight.

There is an old story of William Salisbury, the grandson of General Salisbury who was "born in the mansion of 1705 but who lived at the time in the house built by his father in 1730 or '31," which has only a foundation of truth. This story tells of murder, conviction and remorse and a suspended sentence, Salisbury wearing a silken cord about his neck as a reminder of his ultimate fate.

The true story is as follows: Salisbury "had a bound girl, Anna Dorothea Swartz, who persisted in visiting at the house of a family of bad reputation;" and in those days the master of a bound boy or girl was given absolute control over them and was responsible for their conduct. This family lived at the foot or second turn of what is now known as Phelan's Hill, on lands of Newkirk (now Schaefer's) and "on this occasion refused to return" with her master. Mr. Salisbury tied one end of the rope around the girl's waist and the other to his own—a foolish but not necessarily wicked act, for he

was in as much danger as she, and nearly shared her fate. As the horse is valued at three pounds in the indictment, it was very likely an old one. The horse, however, became frightened, Salisbury was dragged from his back and the girl was killed. Salisbury immediately gave himself up and was indicted for murder, but the case never came to trial. "His lawyer was James Barker of Cairo." Opposite the entrance to the Newkirk farm, before the state road was built, was a large boulder known as "spook rock," and here is where the girl is supposed to have met death, and here at midnight on the anniversaries of her death a huge gray horse with rider and girl appear to superstitious townfolks.

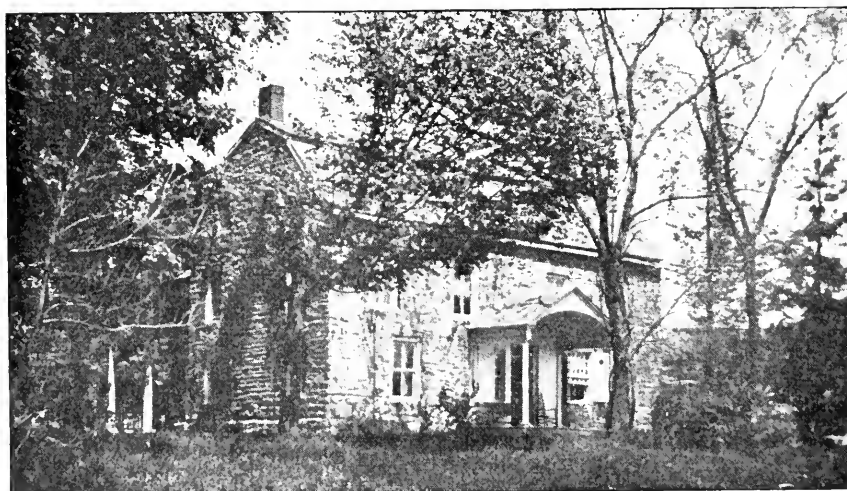
"I have rare news for you, Caatje," said Teunis Van Vechten of the mill to his wife one day in 1705. "I met Francis Salisbury on the highway and had speech with him. Soon we will have neighbors."

"That be rare news indeed. I remember his wife well, she that was Maria Van Gaasbeck. She was a fine lass when she married Salisbury. Dost remember the merry-making at the wedding?"

"Well I do, and another lass as fine."

"Hath he a family?"

"At this time he has but two lads. The first-born died while yet an infant, and the fourth but a short time since."



SALISBURY OR VAN DEUSEN HOUSE, 1705

It was a break in the monotony of pioneer life, this building of the gray stone mansion in the wilderness. The busy workers cutting out the stone from the sandstone ridges along Dircks Kilitje, the stout oxen drawing them over the rough roads, the difficulties of obtaining material so far from any town and in a new country, furnished food for conversation for many a day. The walls went steadily up day by day while the skilled and efficient Dutch workmen who had come over from Holland, the builders of dykes and the

conquerors of the sea, were undismayed at the bigness of the task. For over two centuries it has stood a monument to skilled and faithful workmanship. Could its small-paned windows be restored it would look much the same to-day as when Francis Salisbury, his family and slaves took possession, and the fires were lighted in the big fireplaces framed with Dutch tile, the flames lighting up the beams of yellow pine, reflected in the polished mahogany furniture, and casting shadows across the deep-seated windows.

For a time Van Bergen managed both estates, obtained the patent and settled boundary lines which were not legally established until 1767. "After much litigation they were fixed at four miles in all directions, extending north beyond Cairo, south to the Imboght, east to the Hudson and west to the Kiskatom Flats, but much of the land was never claimed." Previous to their purchase of the Catskill patent they had several smaller portions of land throughout the state.

Andreas and Hendrick Whitbeck leased a portion of Salisbury's lands for ten years, and instead of rent "agreed to build a barn 22½ feet in length, and as broad as the barn Marte Garritse (Van Bergen) had built; to erect a dwelling 22½ feet square with shingled roof and cellar, and to plant an orchard of 200 fruit trees." These last Van Dyke brought down from Albany.

Francis the son of Silvester lived at Albany and Kingston, married Maria Van Gaasbeck of the latter place, and enrolled as a private soldier in 1689.

In the meantime (1680) Van Bergen built a small house and a smokehouse of stone, with a wooden barn fifty feet square, its beams cut from the primeval forest trees and hewn in pits by skilled hands. "Send messengers to the Landing, the Imboght and Esopus, that our kinsmen and neighbors may help us in the raising. It be a great undertaking," thus said Van Bergen when all was ready. The yeomen from these settlements responded to the call, the heavy frame was put up and the huge beams fastened in place by stout wooden pins.

Marte Gerretse Van Bergen was a nephew of Kiliaan Van Rensselaer of Amsterdam, and had come to this country in 1640. "For many years he was Commissary General of Fort Orange, held the office of justice of the peace, was a member of the governor's council and captain of a company of foot." He was interested in his adopted country to such an extent that he "gave large sums for her defense" and was said to be "the most liberal man, not excepting Van Rensselaer and Livingston, in the support of Godfrey Dellius the Dutch dominie of Albany." His first wife having died, he married in 1686 Neeltje Van Yverson, the niece of Dirck Teunis Van Vechten. Ten years later, the year their youngest child was born, "there was an attack by Canadian Indians upon his *houwerij* on the west side of the Hudson where he was living. All was confusion, the hasty seizing of firearms, barricading of doors and gathering the women and children together. The purpose of the Indians was to carry away Van Bergen as a prisoner, but in resisting he was killed."

Van Bergen was rich in lands, not only at Catskill but at

Albany and Coxsackie, and along the Mohawk. His widow was not long in providing her five small children with another father, and the lands at Catskill continued to be leased and no division made until 1721.

It was in the fall of 1728 that the neighbors rejoiced to learn that Garret Van Bergen of Albany, oldest son of the pioneer, had given orders that a cellar be dug for a new house east of the small stone one of 1680 which his father had built for his tenants, and Francis Salisbury was planning two houses for his sons along the highway.

"The news pleases me greatly," said DuBois of the Landing, "for perchance now a church can be built and God's Word be preached to the people in a proper manner, and our lads and lasses receive instruction in the catechism and the Holy Writ such as we cannot give them."

The younger ones were also pleased at the news, for the Van Bergens had large families, and there would likely be much merry-making and exchange of visits when the new houses were finished and the families settled there.



VEDDER FARMHOUSE, BUILT 1729

Garret Van Bergen completed his house July 4, 1729. It was of brick, 50 feet long, with red-tiled roof. On the first floor were two large rooms with leaden-sashed windows, and a wide hall with heavy double doors at either end. The wine, cider, and milk cellars were beneath, and above was a half-story. At the side of the big fireplace in the living room was a door which opened into a passageway leading to the old building of 1680, now to be used as "a kitchen and place for slaves."

To the new house came Garret (son of Gerretse), his wife and seven children. Situated high above the plain, its windows looked

out upon the "Quackjack" or Christians' corn land, once the maize-field of the Indian; beyond it was Potic Mountain covered with oaks and evergreens, here and there a white birch gleaming through. "A path or rude wagon track" ran in an unbroken line to the ford across the Katskill. To the east could be seen the Kaleberg, and beyond the plain on all sides was a dense forest, the only sign of habitation the dwelling of the Salisburys, the log cabin of Jan Bronck near the fording place, and the stone house of the younger Van Bergen, built the same year, across the field.

From the "stoep" with its benches on either side, the double doors with ponderous knocker opened into the hall through which you could pass to another and sunnier "stoep" and to the bleach-yard, where many yards of new-spun linen were likely to be found bleaching in the sun. A stairway led to the dimly lighted room above where the older children slept and where the loom was kept busy on warm days. Sometimes on cold winter nights a slave would run the brass warming pan "filled with redhot embers" between the homespun woolen sheets, and often the "wolves would come down from the Potic and howl around the covered sheep-pens, the distant cry of the wildcat or the panther could be heard," and the more timid of the children would pull the coverlet over their ears to shut out the mournful sound.

The living room always had an air of peace and comfort. The cheery back-log lighted up the blue tile surrounding the fireplace, while grandmother sat in the warmest corner with her knitting, with Caesar the dog at her feet, crooning the children's favorite ditty, "Trip a trop a troonjies," to the little one in the hooded cradle. In one corner of the room was a "kos" with its pewter dishes and choice bits of china, and on one side of the chimney was a high-poster with a trundle bed tucked beneath and hidden by the valance, while the steady hum of the spinning wheel could be heard as Deborah Van Bergen passed backward and forward spinning the linen threads for her bridal chest. The room on the east side of the hall was opened only on great occasions, such as a wedding or a funeral, and contained the "family treasures of mahogany and brass brought from the old country."

In the kitchen fireplace hung the iron crane, supporting a huge black kettle, while from the beams overhead "hung various herbs and simples." On winter evenings dusky forms gathered about the fire and the children would often steal away to listen to their blood-curdling tales of ghosts and Indians, in which they took strange delight. The blacks themselves would roll their eyes toward the darker corners of the room as if in momentary terror of being scalped, or, what was still worse, seized by some departed spirit said "to disport itself along the highway after nightfall." The sudden snapping of the wood or the howling of the wind outside was sufficient to turn their faces to an ashen hue, then old Jan would seize his fiddle and play some rollicking tune, and, like children, their fears were forgotten.

On Sundays the children would gather around the fire while

one of their elders would explain the stories of Jonah and the whale, the good Samaritan, or some other Bible story pictured by the tile; then they would sing psalms and repeat the catechism. In summer they followed the men as they tilled the fields or harvested the crops, chased the squirrels or waded in the "Kelder Kiltje," the older ones doing their full share of work. In winter they learned to read and write, moulded leaden bullets, twisted flax into ropes, or spent hours skating on the ponds or coasting down the long hill within sound of the wood-choppers. "In those days there was little fear of Indians. Sometimes on their way from the hills they would stop and beg for rum. They were a lazy, shiftless set; cowardly, ferocious." It was not until Revolutionary days that the "teekum yur" was lighted on the hills to tell that the Iroquois were abroad; then the panic-stricken women and children fled to the stronger houses for better means of defense.

In the autumn all hands were kept busy. There was corn to be husked, and grain to be threshed and taken to the mill to be ground into Indian meal, coarse flour and feed for the stock, every large estate having its own grist-mill on some convenient stream. There was "killing time, with great quantities of head-cheese and sausage to be chopped; pork, corned beef, hams, bacon and fish to be packed in great hogsheads in the cellar; vegetables to be stored away, and later the hanging of hams and bacon in the stone smoke-house with its one barred window and heavy door, where a smoke must be almost constantly kept up for their proper curing. Occasionally there would be a journey to the "Het Strand" or Landing over "rough forest roads with the produce of the farm to the sloops on the Hudson."

It was only a few furlongs east of Garret Van Bergen's house that his brother Martin built a smaller one of stone that same year (1729), and with it a big barn and smithy. His wife was Catrina Meyer, and they had two sons and three daughters. Their outlook was more restricted but not less beautiful than that of Garrett's. "The Kaaterskill path" was near the door, while beyond the "klaver wey" the Catskill wound in graceful curves. The house had a roof of red tile and its interior was much the same as Garret's, while over the "stoep" on the front were fastened the iron figures 1729. Here he, too, brought his wife and children, the youngest Anna Maria (afterward the wife of Rev. Johannes Schuneman), but a year old.

Within the next two years Jan Bronck at the ford had replaced his log cabin with a dwelling of stone, and Salisbury had built two for his sons along the highway, one of which at least was larger and more imposing than those of his neighbors. Its location was well chosen and commanded a view of the Catskill valley to the mountains beyond. Across the Catskill was Potic Mountain, its seamed and rocky sides covered with forest trees, while below the waters flowed peacefully along, now and then stayed for a time by slanting reefs or deep dangerous pools. In summer days of sunshine a quiet stream, but when prolonged rains or sudden tempests made rivers of its tributaries, then the valley was a stretch of angry

waters carrying with it hobbing driftwood, undermined trees, shocks of corn, golden pumpkins twisting and twirling as they sailed along, perhaps a pig or a cow that had been overtaken by the flood, but always leaving when its angry mood was past a rich deposit of earth spread over the land.

In 1732 the yeomen of old Katskill and the Imboght met together to discuss community betterment.

"The time has come," said the elder Van Bergen, "when for the sake of our young men and maidens a church should be built. Catechising is not enough, and our young children must be taken to the "steene kirk ob de Kaatsban," now being built, or to Albany for baptism. Some die without the right and are lost."



OLD KATSKILL CHURCH, 1733

"But where shall the church be built," asked Van Orden of the Imboght.

"I will give the land," said the younger Van Bergen. "The knoll yonder is a proper spot and nigh the house where people can eat their dinner around the fire in winter."

"A fair offer," said Salisbury, and "I will give money and labor; doubtless our neighbors at the Imboght will aid us."

"There is talk," said another, "that the yeomen of Kocksackie have a church in mind; perchance if they be willing a man could be found to serve both."

Soon work began on the new church. A space was cleared "100 yards north of Van Bergen's house," and timbers were hauled to the spot. Everyone worked with a will, and yeomen from the Landing, Kocksackie and the Imboght helped with the raising.

It was on occasions such as this that the table was set in the long hall at Van Bergen's, and huge joints of beef and mutton on pewter platters were brought out with roelittjes, cider, applesauce and all the good things the Dutch vrouws were capable of making. After dinner came long-stemmed pipes, the little slave boys passing around the hot coals tightly pinched in the pipe-lighters, news was exchanged, the equipment of the new church discussed, and all the details of its completion. Fifty feet square it was to be, with a roof like a pyramid, the top forming a belfry; a large door on its eastern

end with a small one on either side. Inside was the "doop huys" and on each side the deacons' and elders' seats. Benches were fastened to the walls around the room, and in the center two rows of twelve pews each with aisle between. On the west side were the "mans bancken" (seats for men), and on the east side "vrouwen bancken" (seats for women). The Dutch church at Albany was their model.

The shingles for the roof (6160 of them) cost 15 pounds and 6d. Rum and gin were passed around at the raising, for these were common drinks at that time although intoxication was rare.

On Feb. 25, 1732, old and young gathered together, for a call had been given (Feb. 8th) to Rev. George Michael Weiss by the landowners, DuBois, Oosterhoudt, Van Vechten, Bronk, Salisbury, Dederick, Overbaugh and the two Van Bergens. Now the "organization was to be accomplished, a Consistory was elected and the minister installed." The church had not yet been built, and it is not known where he preached during the interval—it may have been in the schoolhouse, which according to an old deed stood near the parsonage.

Dominie Weiss was "to preach God's word purely in the low Dutch language, twice daily on every Lord's Day and on other feast days, also to exercise the congregation and the youths by catechical instruction at the proper opportunity, to administer the sacraments according to the institution of Christ, to maintain church discipline and to catechise the children of the German brethren residing among us, in their language; and furthermore to do everything required of a faithful servant of Jesus Christ in accordance with God's word, the good discipline of the Reformed Church and its laudable customs in this country; which said service your Reverence must perform in Katskill 30 Sundays during the year and in Kocksackie 22 Sundays by turns, also on feast days by turns, which shall be regulated by the Rev. Consistory. * * * It has been resolved that your Reverence shall receive and enjoy a salary of 50 pounds per year currency of New York, to be paid by the Reverend Consistory in all sincerity as long as your Reverence shall perform the pastoral duties and before mentioned service among us, in two payments, every half-year the just half amounting to 25 pounds; and besides your Reverence shall be provided with a free dwelling and sufficient land therewith for a proper garden either in Katskill or in Kocksackie according to your choice; and free firewood for your own use, and a proper riding-horse with saddle and bridle as your own property, and if for the occasion of using it the horse should die the loan of another, to ride from one place to the other in order to perform the holy services; and if your Reverence should happen to be called away to another congregation, you shall continue in our service until we have again procured another preacher, provided such service does not continue for more than a year after such call on you. * * * To this call seventeen names were signed.

At last the church was finished and the first service was to be held within its walls. It was an eventful day for these stern, God-

fearing men and women, their families and slaves. A hush that could be felt stole over the people as Dominie Pietrus Van Driesen of Albany invoked God's blessing upon this congregation gathered under their own church roof. The sermon that followed was taken from the 27th Psalm, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and enquire in his temple."

Between services the congregation gathered around the fire at Martin Van Bergen's, eating the luncheon they had brought. When the time came for the afternoon service the "foot-stoves were re-filled with hot coals and all returned to the church."

Francis Salisbury and Abram Provost were elected elders, Jacob Broeck and Frederick Streydt deacons. The church had a firm hold on the people in those days, and this was a truly great occasion; the new church, the solemn tones of the bell as it echoed back from the hills which had never before heard such a strange sound; the little children and dusky slaves all reverent and attentive during the long sermon, which "told more of the wrath to come, the lake which burns with fire and brimstone," than of God's love and care for his children. There were long-drawn-out prayers for mercy and forgiveness, and the monotonous chant of the Psalms.

Few could stand the test to-day of such religious thoroughness and length, but in those days even the youngest was taught self-control, and restlessness was at all times frowned upon. The women were modest but self-reliant, for the Dutch housewife, though seeming to be in the background, ruled her husband. They were dressed in homespun, with quilted hoods and capes. The men were straight, strong and muscular, with faces of character and firmness and if need be sternness, which could relax into jovial goodfellowship. Washington Irving, skilled writer though he was, pictured a very different Dutchman from the real Hollander of Old Katskill and that period, as numerous family portraits testify. Like many a one to-day, he made no distinction between a Hollander and a German.

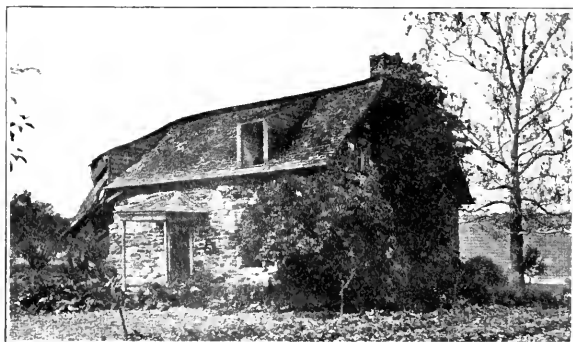
The day's events over, the horses were brought out and fastened to deep-boxed sleighs, some mounted their horses with wife and child behind them, and started on their return to distant homes, "for twilight would quickly pass, and darkness shut down suddenly along the rough roads little better than trails," with the trees of the forest set close.

The church had been organized February 25, 1732, and one year and nine months later (November 25, 1733) it was dedicated. Only three years did Weiss minister to this people, faithfully following the forest paths every other Sunday to Kocksackie; then he left for Philadelphia. It is not known where he made his home while preaching at Old Katskill, but a stone bearing the date, June 12, 1733, and the initials C. V. B. and D. V. B. was taken from the parsonage of 1754 (built or re-built for Schuneman) at the time of its destruction. This stone is now in the possession of Washington Van Vechten.

It was difficult to find a proper and satisfactory man to fill the

place of Dominie Weiss, for few cared to take up ministerial duties in a new country, with long stretches of solitary forest between the two congregations, and for seventeen years the Consistory struggled with the problem, holding services and securing supplies for limited time whenever possible, now and then helped out with sacraments, weddings, the baptism of infants and the burial of the dead, by the dominies of Albany or Kaatsban.

In 1710 there had been born to Hermanus and Elizabeth Schuneman a son who was christened Johannes. In later years he departed from the faith of his fathers, who were Lutherans, and became the chosen pastor of Old Katskill, but before he could be intrusted with the flock it was necessary that he should be sterilized in Dutch manners and customs, as well as instructed in Dutch theology, so at the expense of the churches of Old Katskill and Kocksackie he was sent to Holland for two years that this proper result might be obtained. Returning when his studies were finished in 1754, his waiting people found he had not only acquired the desired theological finish but also an undesirable "disfigurement left by the small pox, so that his sweet-heart, Anna Van Bergen, did not recognize him." Very soon after his return he took up his duties as pastor and married Anna Maria.



PARSONAGE AT OLD KATSKILL

The Rev. Johannes is described "as short and corpulent with a voice of great power," and has left behind a record of forty-one years of "faithful and untiring service." In 1754 a new parsonage was built or the old one repaired, and in eleven years the good dominie and his wife added seven little Schunemans to the population, two of whom died in infancy.

Of all the homes of the early settlers, the location of the parsonage was the finest. Its outlook was bounded on the west by the Catskills with hills, valley and stream between. On the north was Potic Mountain, her smaller sister High Hill nestling beside her. Along their sides on October days the sun chased shadows across varying shades of red and yellow, or the mists clung lovingly on foggy mornings. The rumbling of the waters of the Catskill as they

flowed over rifts and rocks plunging merrily to lower levels came up to the door, from which could be seen the deeper waters which tarried for awhile as they swung out of the current, and hemmed in by perpendicular cliffs formed a quiet bay apart from the rushing stream.

Between the coming of Schuneman and the unsettled time preceding the Revolution were uneventful years, when little of interest took place excepting to those who lived them. There were rumors of Indian trouble, and now and then settlers on their way to the "Western Country" beyond the mountains tarried for a time with the hospitable Dutchmen of the valley. Somewhere along the Kaaterskill where the "wolf-pits used to be" was built the house of Gysbert Oosterhout, who died in 1790. He was a man of powerful frame and many stories are told of his great strength. He served through both the French and Revolutionary wars.

Jurry and Michael Plank purchased 90 acres of Marten Van Bergen and built a stone house in a little valley (E. Parks's) near the "kelder kiltje." Here the hills divided into ravines, the sides of which at that time must have been covered with trees, and at the entrance of one of these ravines, where it was intersected by another, stood the house. Always the home of the pioneer was built near a stream or spring, and usually against a sheltering hillside, for where all was a wilderness a view was of little account. Down the intersecting ravine at the home of the Planks ran the "kelder kiltje or little brook," its source far up the valley, and down the other ran a still smaller one joining the first, then wandering aimlessly as the nature of the land allowed until the united waters joined the Kaaterskill. The house has long since been torn down, but on a knoll across the stream is the burial place of the Planks. On the hill northeast of his home were later the homes of George and Peter Brandt.

In 1758 the news of the death of Garret Van Bergen passed from house to house. He had been a good neighbor, improving his estate and bringing up his family in the approved Dutch fashion. Deborah had married John Person, blacksmith; William had chosen his cousin Catharine; Peter had died, and the rest of the seven had married wisely. The eldest Garret inherited the homestead and had the reputation of being unthrifty, but his will shows that at the time of his death he still possessed 6,000 acres "along the Catskill and Batavia Kills."

1758 saw the fall of Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Niagara and Quebec, and with the conquest of Canada came a great change in the settlement of New York state, for the fear of French and Indians was removed.

In 1760 Solomon DuBois, who lived along the Kaaterskill, followed Garret Van Bergen. He had combined the trade of blacksmith with that of farmer. To be a blacksmith in those days was to "forge horseshoes, plows, spades, buckles, hinges, locks and bolts," and furnish "mine vrouw with pot-hooks, fire-dog tongs, shovels and a few cooking utensils." For pick-up work he had the "hammering into shape of wrought iron nails with their clumsy heads." His

house had been built in 1751 and was along "the trail of the Indians which ran to the headwaters of the Schoharie Kill."

The road from Leeds to Cauterskill was first a trail through the forest, then a "wagon road," and as early as 1733 called the "Cauterskill path or road." In 1690 Van Bergen had a saw-mill on the north side of the stream at the falls of the Kaaterskill, and in 1733 there were both grist and saw-mills of Salisbury and Van Bergen. The road from old Catskill crossed the creek below the falls by a ford, and there was another ford between what is now Barrenger's and Brandow's. Near this was the house of Garret Van Bergen, grandson of the pioneer. Over the "Cautrix Kill" in 1794 began the building of a bridge; the contractors, M. G. Schuneman and John Cook. Those who had the matter in charge were William Van Bergen, William Brandow and Jacob Bogardus. Bogardus had



OLD COVERED BRIDGE, CAUTERSKILL

a plaster-mill there. In 1815 a bridge was built across the stream "at or near the falls of Joseph Klein," and during the "great shower" a few years later Klein's mills were rendered useless. In 1830 John Adams and George More were manufacturing paper at the "Kaaterskill mills," and still later John C. Johnson had a planing mill, sash, blind and door-factory. For a time the brick building on the southwest side was known as Reed's pistol-factory.

The daughter of William Klein, a former merchant of Catskill living on the bank of the Kaaterskill, is described as a "polite, well-educated young lady who could play the piano and sing. She had a very good complexion with rather too much ivory for a handsome mouth, but was tolerably pretty in spite of her teeth. Her music-master was a little deformed son of Italy." The mills at this time (probably about 1840) were used for the "manufacture of thread and twine, but the quality of twine was not up to expectations of the owner and much of it remained unsold."

In 1761 Petrus Van Bergen, who married Elizabeth Newkirk of Kingston, built himself a "sandstone house on the north side of the Catskill near the Potic" (on Mead farm).

During the years of unrest and dissatisfaction with English rule preceding the Revolution the people at Old Catskill kept in touch with the news by messengers passing up and down the river, and frequently the principal men of the settlement were called to Albany to consult with officers of the Fort, so they were prepared for an outbreak at any time, but outwardly things went on much the same. Dominie Schuneman preached forcibly and to the point on the questions of the day, urging independence of thought and action, foreseeing the crisis that would soon be upon them. The Boston massacre, the Boston Tea Party and the first Continental Congress were the subjects of their daily conversation, and kept them boiling and seething within. The battle of Lexington caused as much excitement as a genuine Dutchman would allow himself to show, and was the signal for general preparedness.

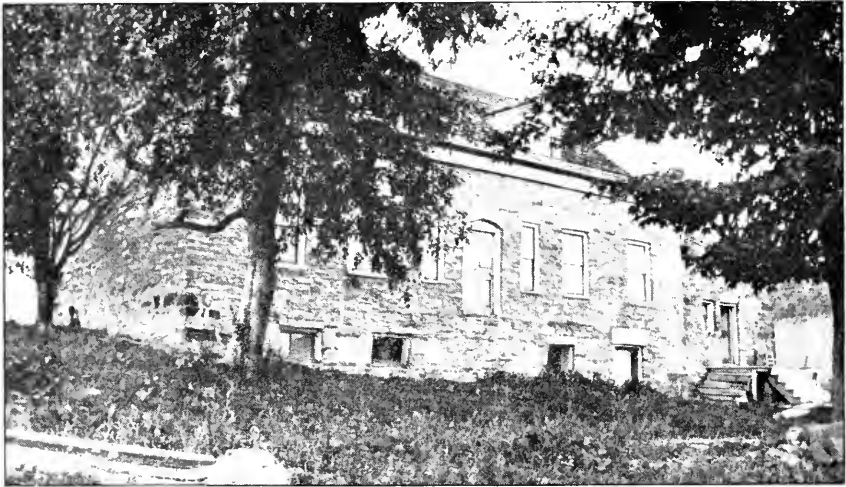
Samuel Van Vechten had received his commission as captain from Cadwalder Colden in 1770. "He served at Ticonderoga, Skeensburg and Fort Edward, and was sent to and fro with important dispatches." "Barent Staats Salisbury, grandson of Francis, won great honor," and in 1777 he was made first lieutenant in the first regiment of the New York line, and saw service at Saratoga, Monmouth and Yorktown. Of the two sons of Isaac DuBois "it was agreed that John should remain at home and Joel join the militia." Joel was but fifteen when he enrolled as a minute man. "He served along the Mohawk and was garrisoned at Johnson Hall."

Old Catskill was second to none in patriotism and zeal for the colonies. Traitors there were, but the landed proprietors and influential men were loyal patriots or in a few cases peaceful loyalists. Dominie Schuneman had no excuse for the Tory, and with great earnestness preached the duty of defending the country. His powerful voice rang through the church as his enthusiasm grew with words, and he was a foe to all who dared to differ from him. He had strong faith in God's protecting hand, but he also believed in preparedness, and whether in the pulpit or riding alone through the forest to Coxsackie his gun was in readiness. "The parsonage was always open to soldiers returning from the front, and if sick or wounded, as often happened, were well cared for."

As time passed there was redoubled vigilance in guarding against Tories and Indians, and anxious hearts for those at the front. Schools were almost abandoned for the time, and settlers in isolated spots removed their families when possible to the settlements for greater safety during their absence. The women and older men took up the burden and care of the farms and slaves dependent upon them. The murder of the Stropes at Round Top filled them with horror, and the capture of the Abeels and Snyders put them on their guard against the Tories that disgraced the valley.

David Abeel lived along the Kaaterskill, and he had married Neeltje, the daughter of Garret Van Bergen. "The family had at-

tended service at Old Catskill and returning home were eating their evening meal when the door opened and a number of Indians and Tories disguised as Indians entered." One of the slaves, a traitor, while the family were away had removed the charges from the guns which hung on the beams overhead. Catherine Abeel, one of the daughters, while the invaders were ransacking the house and destroying things generally "crept under the table and removed the silver buckles from her father's and brother's shoes and breeches,



HOME OF DAVID ABEEL IN KAATSKILL

hiding them in her bosom." A younger brother came home in time to see the party leave the house, and alarmed the settlers, but they failed to follow the trail, returning home next day. The long journey to Canada was one of great hardship and suffering. David could not keep up with his captors and was threatened with the tomahawk, but, reminding them he had once been a "trader along the Mohawk," he was afterward treated with respect and when provisions ran low they shared their portion with him. With the party were the Snyders of Saugerties, taken captive that same day. On reaching Montreal the prisoners were put in a cell and afterward parolled to an island, and finally after two years they escaped down the St. Lawrence; "but previous to this David on account of his age had been sent home."

Benjamin Myer Brink in his history of Saugerties says: "Dominie Schuneman continued to come down from Catskill (1780) to Kaatsban to supply the pulpit. Between there and Kaatsban church is a distance of ten miles, and at that time it was largely wooded and much of it dense forest. He was intensely hated by the Tories because of his ardent patriotism. He hated the enemies of his country and never lost an opportunity to denounce them. From Catskill to his other charge at Coxsackie was a distance of twelve

miles, and much of this way was along a forest road. But the dominie feared nothing but his God. No foe lived who had any terror for him. He was short and corpulent and marked with small-pox. He was a dead shot with his rifle and his enemies knew it. That rifle was his constant companion. He always took it with him in his pulpit during these years, and when arising to preach set it close at his side after carefully examining the priming."

The Rev. Dr. Henry Ostrander said of him: "His voice was one of great power and compass. His distinct and impressive tones, his natural and vigorous gesticulation, and the manifest fervent kindliness of his spirit conspired with the eminently evangelical character of his discourses to render his preaching effective. The Revolutionary troubles called into full exercise Dominie Schuneman's intense patriotism, in connection with his heroic and self-sacrificing spirit. The district of country in which he lived was the theater of great commotion and horrid cruelty. So deeply convinced was he that the interests of religion, as well as the civil interests of the country, were bound up in the great struggle that he gave himself up to it, in his appropriate way, with all the earnestness and energy of a ruling passion. * * * He knew well that he was looked upon by the enemy as a prize of no ordinary value; but nothing daunted by this he never withheld any good service in aid of his country's interests which it was in his power to render. * * * No tidings of disaster disheartened him, no impending danger terrified him, no warnings or entreaties to keep out of the way of imminent peril made any impression on him. He kept up his course unmoved and unharmed during all these years of war, riding every Sunday along his wooded roads with his trusty rifle, and his fervent sermons inspired the discouraged patriots until the glorious battle was won. His services at Cossackie and old Katskill were regular; those at Kaatsban were special but very frequent."

Dominie Schuneman never hesitated in telling the plain truth to his people. The attendance at the mid-week prayer meeting at Old Katskill being unsatisfactory, one Sunday after giving out the notices for the day there came a great and awful pause while the dominie stood looking over his flock; when he thought them sufficiently impressed, he said, "On Saturday afternoon the horses will run on the flats; I will be there; also at the Wednesday evening prayer meeting. I will then see which the most of my congregation attend."

At one time his people thought him too radical in his views, and a member of Consistory was appointed to confer with him. Next Sunday, a very warm day, he laid aside his coat, vest and stock, saying in Dutch, "Now, friends, you will get it!" and get it they did --and there were no more conferences.

In 1794 Dominie Schuneman died. Three years later the church at Old Katskill was repaired, gallery put in one end, pulpit lowered and other improvements made. Kocksackie had decided to call a minister of her own, and in 1798 Rev. Peter Labagh, who had for a short time been a missionary in Kentucky, where he estab-

lished a church, was called to the church at Catskill and Oak Hill. Labagh had a fine mind and his most striking characteristics were great common sense and good humor. He had "large influence in ecclesiastical assemblies." Always cheerful, fond of a joke, he never grew old. He made an arrangement with one of his congregation that if he would smoke his hams, he (Labagh) would take no fee for baptizing Uncle Billy's children. One day Uncle Billy brought twin sons, Abraham and Isaac, for baptism. "Now, Uncle Billy," said the dominie in Dutch, "you are cheating me." Uncle Billy took him seriously and offered to pay, as was the custom of that day; then the good man laughingly assured him he was only joking. In 1807 he married Martin Van Buren, the future President, to Hannah Goes of Catskill. After Labagh left, "Oak Hill had its own pastor."

Dr. Henry Ostrander tarried but two years, then left for Kaatsban, where he remained for fifty years. He is remembered as having eyes black and piercing, his hair white as snow. He administered communion with his own hand, first to the elders and deacons, then to the congregation, the slaves coming last from their seats in the gallery. On one occasion an old colored woman, who was probably asleep, did not move with the rest. Her master, an aged elder, arose and called out in a loud voice, "Deyaan! Deyaan! de dominie roept aan u!"

Ostrander had preached at the Landing during the summer months, and when Peter S. Wynkoop came he preached there on Sunday afternoons, as did Rev. Isaac Wyckoff, who succeeded him (1817). The old church was torn down that year, and services were held in the schoolhouse in the village of Madison until such time as the new church should be finished, for the Consistory had decided that, as the tide of settlement had turned toward that place, it would be policy to follow after with the church of God.

The frame of the old church was used for a grist-mill at Madison, and the bell was melted in an attempt to mend it by Martin Schuneman, who covered it with a pile of oak wood—so the story goes—fired it, then went over to smoke and visit with Casper Van Hoesen. Either the smoke lengthened into several, or, man-like, he forgot his occupation in gossiping with his neighbors, for when he returned to duty the bell was melted beyond hope of future usefulness. It was many a day before Martin heard the last of his carelessness.

It has been claimed that Catskill was never the title of the vicinity of the old church—that it was only designated in general as Catskill town. While Old Catskill was never a village in the accepted term, it bore the same relation to the Landing as Koxsackie did to what is sometimes called to-day Lower Coxsackie. The interests of the settlement centered around the church, school, parsonage, the two Van Bergens, the smithy, and the three Salisburys. There are still standing three houses of old Catskill—that of Garret Van Bergen, for 150 years in the possession of the Vedders; two of the Salisburys', a third on the Frederick Elting farm having been torn down—and the first settlement has returned to country life.

MADISON

IN the long ago, where now stands the village of Leeds were rocky limestone ridges upon which only the toughest and strongest trees found root and struggled for existence. Between these ridges were many unfailing springs, thick forest growth, tangled underbrush, damp, mossy, fern-covered spots, huge wild-grape vines spreading from tree to tree, while around it swept the Catskill.

There was the indescribable hush of the forest, broken only by the sound of waters as they tumbled noisily over rocky beds, purred softly over reefs, or protested with echoing rumble at the foot of storm-chiseled cliffs.

Sometimes the sky would be darkened by flocks of pigeons or wild ducks, or the air would resound with the cry of wild geese winging their way to warmer climes. The forest was full of game of all kinds, the deer came down to drink from the streams, and "there were wild turkies with hundreds in a flock."

Then came the Indian, but he added little to the forest sounds with his bow and arrow and his moccasined feet. The barking of his dogs and the voices of his children might be heard around the wigwams on the hills across the Catskill, but the war whoop seldom disturbed the quiet of this vicinity.

Their footpath led from the north (Green Lake avenue, we call it now), and crossed the ford to the lowlands which the Indian with unerring instinct chose for his maize-field. On the hills above they had planted their wigwams, clearing the land below as the squaws had opportunity, for the braves hunted and fished while the Indian farmerette with papoose upon her back tilled the soil. It was one of the beginnings of country life along the Catskill.

In 1675 the white man came into possession of a portion of the wilderness, and Jan Bronck built a log cabin below the fording place on the east bank of the Catskill. Jan's father was a tavern-keeper and brewer near Fort Orange, and became so rich he sold out his business and invested in lands at Coxsackie, making his home there. He had married Hillitje Tyssinck and had two sons, Jan and Peter. Jan was a born trader, making frequent trips down the Hudson to trade with the Indians. When he was twenty-three years old he bought one hundred morgans (200 acres) of land. He became assessor and justice of the peace, and in 1711 Francis Salisbury conveyed to him woodland "beginning at the north of Dircks kilitje (now called the Dirckskill) running northeast and west." Salisbury reserved the right "to cut and carry away timber for building purposes," also "the right to break and carry away stone." It has been inferred from this that the stone that composed his houses was taken from this tract. Jan at this time gave Salisbury and Van Bergen the privilege of building a mill or mills on the creek below his house (at the upper falls).

Jan Bronck had married a daughter of Leendert Philipse Conyn, had nine children, and of three daughters, Agnietje married Jan Whitbeck, while Rev. George Michael Weiss, the first dominie of the Catskill valley, fell in love with Antje and they were married "in her father's house." This house was of stone which in 1731 had

replaced the log house. Jan A. Whitbeck (or Van Whitbeck as first written) the son-in-law, afterward built one of brick to which the stone house was attached, "finished inside with cherry paneling and considered very fine for the times." In 1790 the property was sold to Martin G. Schuneman "for 1,187 pounds, 5 shillings and 6 pence, and became a noted hostelry." When this house was burned down in 1876 it was the home of John Van Vechten, whose second wife, Anna Maria, was Schuneman's daughter. At that time there was still standing an elm tree 29 feet in circumference set out by Bronck.

In time some of the land which belonged to Bronck's farm and lay on either side of the "great road to the back settlements" was sold and a village sprang up. In 1783 there is said to have been "twenty houses in the township," and soon that portion of it on the east bank of the creek became known as "Madison."



THE FAMOUS LEEDS BRIDGE

The first bridge across the Catskill was built of wood, but the spring rains made a mighty river of the stream and it was partly swept away. About 1760 the missing part on the east was replaced by two arches of stone. In 1785 the wooden part was burned, and the western arches added in 1792 at a cost of 300 pounds.

The Catskill Packet of August 6, 1792, notes "on Thursday the 26 ult. was completed the erecting of a bridge over Catskill creek about five miles from this landing, on the great road to the back settlements. This bridge for magnitude and elegance of structure, is inferior to none in the state." Just below the bridge was the old fording place used by both Indian and white man.

In 1791 John Rouse, native of Holland, who had purchased of Salisbury and Van Bergen a large tract of land between the High

Hill and the Kaleberg, built a house for his son John, who had served in the Revolutionary Army and married Eytje Egbertson, and had six children. The old house still stands on the George Gonnerman farm, and it was from here that stone was drawn by ox-teams for the church at Leeds. Below the dooryard wall there is a deep spring, and a little brook with tall elms by the roadside which leads out of the valley. Unlike other old houses of this locality, its roof slopes over the porch, below which is the kitchen and place for



ROUSE FARMHOUSE, 1794

slaves. Here in this secluded spot John raised his family of stalwart sons and fine-looking daughters. One of these, another John, was the father of Cornelius and Barent, well known, respected and life-long residents of this vicinity, and faithful attendants of the old Dutch church. Cornelius, who lived below the Kaleberg, was the father of the late John Rouse of Athens; of Dr. James B. Rouse, physician of long standing at Leeds, who married Julia B. Fowks;

also of Isaac and Aaron, and Mrs. Alice Covey. Barent, who married Betsy Dewey, was the father of John D., whose home was near Green Lake on a part of the homestead.

"This has been an eventful year" (1792), said mine host as the villagers gathered about the fire at the public house at Madison on the last day of the old year.

"I will be much surprised," said another, "if this year be not the turning point for prosperity for the Landing. There are already ten houses there."

"Yes, no doubt," said Martin Schuneman, who was a man of authority; "we are on the road to prosperity. Our little settlement here bids fair to grow to large proportions if we bestir ourselves and the turnpike run this way, as doubtless it will. There is much of public interest in road-building, and it is well there should be, for the good of the country demands it, but I fear the Landing will outdo us, for it has the natural advantages of a great waterway and is the outlet for the back settlements."

Martin G. Schuneman was one of the three sons of Dominie Schuneman, none of whom followed his father's profession, but were nevertheless strong men in the community. Martin was "six feet three in his stockings and weighed 300 pounds." He was prominent in all forward movements, elected justice of the peace in 1792, and Congressman for Greene and Ulster in 1806. William or Wilhelmus lived at Jefferson, and Johannes near Madison, west of the Potic, in the house built by Peter Van Bergen (Mead farm). Johannes married Mary Newkirk.

Shortly after the completion of the new bridge the project of building a turnpike was discussed.

"What is this I hear, friend Martin," said a neighbor on his return from a prolonged absence; "are we to have a turnpike at last?"

"True enough. A chartered company was formed the first of last April (1800), and the road is to run from the town of Salisbury in Connecticut to the ferry across the Hudson, and from the landing at Catskill to Wattle's Ferry on the Susquehanna. The first toll-gate will be on Van Vechten's farm at the bend of the highway where you first sight Madison."

"I hear, too," said Salisbury, "that Aaront Vedder is gone. Ah, well, it was to be expected, for he was well on in years. What disposition did he make of his property?"

"All was equally divided between his two sons, John and Harmon. John will continue in the old house, and Harmon will build for himself another upon the foothills farther to the north. It was some task to divide the land with satisfaction to both parties, but it has been done."

"I see," continued Salisbury, "your new tavern is also completed and Joel Bellamy in possession."

"Yes," was the reply; "my intention was to make it a store, which it was for a time, but since James Brown left, Bellamy thought to set up a tavern or 'house of entertainment' as he calls it, and there is plenty of business for us both."

In 1805 the first chartered stage-coach drew up at the tavern of Martin Schuneman at the bridge with a flourish of the whip and a toot of the horn, on its way to Unadilla. Next year Governor Morgan Lewis received a brigade in the little village. The number of houses within the village had reached ten, besides the flour-mill of Ira Day, three stores and two public houses (kept by Schuneman and Jonathan Kyes).

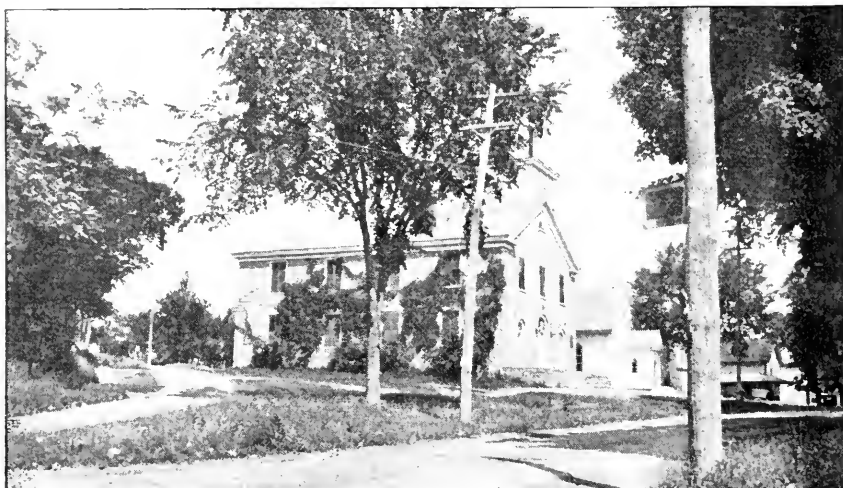
Madison soon boasted (1808) a fire company provided with "twenty buckets, fourteen long and short ladders ironed with hooks," and firemen who held themselves "ready to respond at the first call." Madison also had an attorney, J. T. Haight, and the distillery of Ard Reynolds called for 6,000 bushels of corn and rye. Some time before 1814 the building that now shelters the first four grades of the village school was built. The first schoolhouse stood near the old parsonage. In January of 1815 the trustees were Joel Bellamy, Joseph Wardwell and John P. Newkirk. Several Yankee houses (as the wooden ones were called) had been built, and the older houses added to as families grew, and they grew amazingly fast. The Dutch resented the coming of the Yankees and the Germans. The former, according to the late Henry O. Limbrick, were called "those red-headed Yankees from Massachusetts who had no business to come across the river to settle. They could not bear their red hair and would not have their money in the bank, nor their young people keep company with them." The animosity of the Dutch toward the Germans had been brought from Holland. Both Yankees and Germans on their side despised the Dutch, who were the first on the spot and had the pick of the land; but as time passed the younger ones in spite of paternal authority intermarried, and the settlement became a melting pot which turned out mostly Dutchmen, for the Dutch customs and dialect predominated for many years.

It was about 1813 that Samuel Fowks established a plow works. He was an enterprising blacksmith, and was soon making iron plows for the farmers, casting them himself. It is said "he placed a dish or ladle in the bottom of the furnace and built around it a fire of charcoal." Two slaves blew the fire, and when sufficiently hot the melting iron ran down into the ladle; when this was full its contents were poured into a mould. "Thus the first iron plow was cast at Leeds. His sons, William and Edward, were his successors, and in 1850 Milton Fowks succeeded them."

Martin G. Schuneman in 1816 gave a piece of ground—or solid rock—in the center of the village upon which to build a new church. It was well suited for the purpose. 1816 is known as the year without a summer. April was warm but May set in with Winter weather, snow and ice. The ponds and streams were frozen over, and almost the same condition prevailed in June. Winds from the north brought snow and ice throughout the summer, and August was colder than the months that had gone before. But for fish and game there would have been much suffering. Little work was done on the new church. There were two stone-drawing bees in

which cider, rum and ham figured largely in the expense, and it was not until the fall of 1818 that the church was finished. On the Fourth of July of that year, while yet unfinished, the first service was held. This service was arranged by a committee composed of Selleck Dan, John P. Newkirk, Garret Person, jr., and John L. Nash. A procession started from the house of Robert K. Moulton at 9:30 a. m. and proceeded to the church, where "Rev. Dr. Porter made a prayer and Rev. John Wyckoff preached a discourse adapted to the occasion." Rev. Mr. Livingston concluded with prayer, after which all gathered in the grove near by for dinner. The first couple on record to be married in the new church were Elisha Bishop and Anna Van Bergen. Miss Sarah Elizabeth Comfort was born the same year (1818), and ninety-five years later was buried from its doors, having been a member for seventy-five years.

The hall of the new church had a staircase in each end; the



LEEDS REFORMED (DUTCH) CHURCH, 1818

gallery was supported by large wooden pillars and had tiers of seats rising one above another. The pews below were square, making two when the church was altered. These were rented for 999 years, but under certain conditions of rental. The pulpit stood high and has twice been altered to its present state. A bass viol helped out the choir, and at one time was played by William Newkirk. Nelson Smith (or Major Smith, as he was called) played the flute. Some time in the early history of the church a violin was introduced, but the pastor did not approve, and after reading the hymn said with a note of irritation in his voice, "Now fiddle and sing."

In one corner, raised on a level with the gallery, was later put a stove "to encourage regular attendance in cold weather." You have all heard of the dissenters who refused to believe in stoves, and

sat throughout the service in their shirt-sleeves because of the extreme heat, although it was afterward proved to them no fire had been built that day. Before the stove incident the women brought foot-stoves filled with hot coals covered with ashes.

The late Peter Van Vechten used to tell of childhood Sabbaths which to an uneasy boy were a sore punishment. He was expected to sit quietly not only during the long service, but was rebuked if he indulged in anything approaching mirth throughout the day, for he was supposed to occupy his mind with serious things, studying his catechism or reading religious books. The time for going to pasture for the cow at the other end of the village was hailed with delight, and it took the cow a long time on Sundays to reach her stable.

While living in Jefferson, his father had seats made like chairs for the lumber wagon—the whole family went to church—and one Sunday the horses gave a sudden spring, tipping out the seats and their occupants, upsetting a foot-stove which set fire to the straw in the bottom of the wagon. The horses ran away, and it was some time before the women, boys and slaves were sorted out and the fire extinguished. This was one of the times when the family was late at service (an unpardonable offense).

Rev. Isaac Wyckoff was the last pastor who understood and if necessary could preach in the Dutch language. The seventeen years of his stay were years of prosperity and development in state, county and church.

Rev. John C. Van Liew assisted Mr. Wyckoff for fourteen months and then (1833) became pastor. He was the first to occupy the parsonage at Leeds, which was then a house on Main street next the Dirkskill (where Dederick now lives). In 1852 it was sold to Dr. Jeremiah Greene. Considerable trouble was experienced in buying a lot for the second parsonage in the village. One below the bridge was selected, and John Van Vechten tried to hold them to their bargain, and another with Abram Newkirk was released only by order of the court. Other troubles in securing a lot resulted in hard feelings and the resignation of a member of Consistory, but finally all differences were adjusted, a lot was obtained of Jacob Vedder, with free use of a well on the Vedder lot adjoining; a house built in 1852, which burned in 1890, and the present parsonage built in 1891.

The name Madison for political reasons being distasteful to some, an effort was made to call it Mill Village, which to some extent was successful, but in April of 1827, when a new post office was established with H. Whittlesey as postmaster, the name was changed to Leeds. This name is said to have been given in honor of Richard Hardwick, who came from Leeds, England. In 1830 Leeds applied for incorporation.

The church had strict rules as to the daily conduct of its members. In 1826 Jeremiah Plank was convicted on his own confession of a "misdemeanor, unbecoming and unchristian," of "cutting down a tree on Sabbath morning." His punishment was temporary sus-

pension from office. Nelly DuBois, wife of Peter Eckler, was denied admission because she had "married her deceased sister's husband," and Mrs. Slover was suspended because a committee reported that "she had joined the Congregational church of Mr. Spoor and been plunged."

The first square-rule carpenter in this county was Silas Deane, who settled at Cossackie, a descendant of the Denes or Deanes who came to this country in 1637. Silas also manufactured a screw hay-press, and married Eleanor Salisbury of Madison (Leeds).

In 1827 Martin G. Schuneman died. His only daughter, Anna Maria, was one of the belles of the township and had many suitors. None seemed to suit her, however, and in the end she married the widower John Van Vechten, whose first wife was her cousin Eleanor. It was in 1825, shortly after the completion of the Erie Canal, that one of her admirers wrote the following letter on board the packet William C. Bouck on its way to Buffalo:

Grand Erie Canal, Aug. 25, 1825.

My Dear Maria—The very date and direction of my letter has a kind of magnificence about it, which indicates the grandeur of this work, which is to enrich this western world. It was the spirit of a vast and comprehensive enterprise that suggested it; and a mighty genius that devised it; and a herculean power that executed it.

Though it be but a small thing taken in its detail to dig a large ditch, yet on the whole to convey so far, to raise it over mountains; through valleys; and through marshes is magnificent and almost incredible; and I am delighted with this mode of traveling; certainly quietly and cheaply, you move on night and day, enjoying friends, read, write, study, eat, drink or sleep, as you please.

We talked of the expense on the stage and canal and concluded it was about the same. This was a mistake. The difference is this: on the canal they charge you four cents a mile and find your victuals and lodging; the stage coach charges you five cents and you find yourself, which makes a difference of two dollars a day in favor of the canal, and besides you are not hurried in eating or sleeping, nor jolted until you are bruised from head to foot.

I advise you by all means to take the canal when you come up. I have visited the falls of Niagara and am now on my return. To the eye of the traveler in the system of locks at Lockport and the falls of Niagara are the greatest natural and artificial curiosities in the world. I may go around by Balston and Saratoga, and see all the world at once.

Before 1828 James Van Deusen of Columbia county had become the owner of the homestead of the Salisburys. His wife was Martje De La Marter of Catskill, and the house thereafter became known as the Van Deusen House. James was a descendant of Abraham Pieterse van Deursen of New Amsterdam, in 1636 one of the famous "twelve men of that city, a man of marked ability and enterprise."

The mere mention of the name calls up the memory of that hos-

pitiable home where, forty years ago, in the long low dining room with beams overhead, surrounded with antique furniture, the face of the tall wooden clock looking down upon us as we ate from the blue china dishes, the Sewing Society was entertained by Miss Ann, somewhat angular in form and coarse of feature, inclined to blunt speeches, but at heart as good as gold; Miss Jane, domestic in taste, a good friend and neighbor; Mrs. Lyall, soft of voice and gentle of manner; and Mrs. Smith (her husband, Hiram, dying after six months of married life), dignified and ladylike. She afterward married Dr. Jacob Newkirk of Roxbury.

Claudius, or Doctor, with his peculiar voice and brusque manner was an intelligent man, a large part of whose life was spent in gathering old coins, books, furniture and various curios, all of which he delighted in showing chance visitor or guest. All have passed on, Mrs. Lyall, Miss Jane and Miss Ann following each other in quick succession. Mrs. Newkirk, twice widowed, returned to the old home and after ten long years of feebleness left Claudius alone, but not for long. His call came suddenly and almost without warning, and the familiar form with his shepherd dog at his side was no longer seen about the farm or on the way to the village. His favorite nephew, Henry, a son of his brother Cornelius, who lived with him for a time, returned to New York, and a public auction the cherished idols of Claudius—the inlaid desk said to be three hundred years old, the clock, the blue china piece by piece, together with books, furniture and many other possessions—were scattered throughout the country, a sad sight but rendered necessary by his neglect to provide for such an emergency.

In 1833 the church, the eldest born, still living in her ancestral home, having never removed from it for a single day or ceased to exist, parted with her birthright and became the "Reformed Dutch Church of Leeds and Kiskatom," her old title going to the Catskill church by the full consent of both Consistory and congregation, and after "due consideration" by a committee composed of "Samuel Wells of Saugerties, Garret W. Sager of Athens, and Anthony M. Van Bergen of Cocksackie."

Rev. Brogan Hoff followed Mr. Van Liew and remained for seven years. Rev. James Romyn, who followed Mr. Hoff (so says Peter Van Vechten in the Catskill Examiner), "was a profound thinker, rapid in delivery and in touch with the current events of the day, which he applied to his sermons each week, and always gave his audience something fresh—a literary treat. He could say more in his second prayer than any man I ever knew. His sermons were seldom less than one hour, more often one and a quarter; you never knew when he would stop, yet I never saw one of his congregation show uneasiness. His delivery was like the rumbling of the lightning express—one continual flow of eloquence from start to finish. His sermons were discussed throughout the week; and the next Sunday found the people, like Oliver Twist, asking for more. At one time when preaching in Catskill he arose from a sick bed when he found his expected substitute had not arrived; prepared his sermon and did not disappoint his people."

"The case of James Romyn was a peculiar one—he was pastor elect for over two years but was never installed. During that period he served the church at Leeds to the extent that his health would permit: his call stipulated a salary of \$500." * * * threatened with consumption, his health and strength very uncertain, he also "stipulated that the amount of his services might be limited to what his physical condition might be able to sustain." In 1844, his health having improved, and having kept the church at Leeds in suspense all that time, he accepted a call to Bergen Neck. The church in the meantime had become impatient and insisted on his installation or resignation. He was loved and respected while in charge of the congregation, and they received "great spiritual benefits."

Rev. W. R. S. Betts was a large, fine-looking man, with a very handsome wife. He remained about five years and was followed by Rev. Samuel T. Searles.

About 1845 there was but one church at Leeds, and the question of selling or not selling seats came up in the old church. One side declared selling seats a stumbling block in the way of those sinners who would not give proper compensation for value received, and of the poor who could not. The other side argued it was the only just and sensible way of raising the dominie's salary, and for those who were too poor to pay, seats were reserved, and it was only thus the proud but miserly sinner could be made to come to time. Others declared it an unfair distinction, for ability to pay liberally would bring you nearer the sacred desk, and inability would push the worshiper toward the door in a place where all were brothers and sisters in the Lord. The one side was strong in influence and stiff-headed like their forebears, so the argument waxed hot, and the minority, adhering to what they considered right, began holding services in the schoolhouse, and in 1856 the Methodists had a church of their own. William G. Wolcott was the first class leader, and ten years after its organization (1855) a Board of Trustees was formed consisting of Nelson Waight, Joel D. Comfort, William Fullager, James Ingram and H. Husted. (William Fullager was the father of Robert, the well-known lecturer.)

A year later the church was built and cost with its equipment \$2,899.30. It was dedicated by Rev. Jesse D. Peck, D. D. Its first pastor was Rev. J. W. Macomber, and that year at the house of Nelson Waight a donation was given him. In 1859 the parsonage was built. Under Rev. Mr. Demming the building was raised, making room for heater, assembly room, prayer meeting room and kitchen. When the mills were running there was a large congregation, but since that time, like the other churches of the village, it has greatly decreased in numbers. The parish consisted at one time of Leeds, Lime Street and Sandy Plains, but a few years ago Sandy Plains or South Cairo was taken from this charge. Improvements have been made from time to time as need arose. Rev. Mr. Colman—artist preacher—contributed to the church auditorium a large painting of Christ on the Mount.

In 1853 there was a reorganization of a "Female Benevolent Association" in the Dutch Church, its records written in the fine ladylike hand of Miss Eliza C. Van Deusen, afterward Mrs. Lyall. The constitution of this female society is a wonder of humility and length, covering every emergency which might possibly arise, even to a 10 o'clock limitation as to the time and "if advisable it should be lawful to adjourn in Summer without taking tea." A twelve-month slacker "either as to dues" ($12\frac{1}{2}$ c. yearly) "or work should be expunged from the book." A few extracts from the constitution will show that women were beginning to assert themselves and their rights in a way which the Female Benevolents did not approve.

"Whereas," it says, "in these days of excitement and innovation there is so much dispute with regard to the appropriate sphere of women, we, the ladies of the congregation of the Reformed Dutch Church of Leeds, take this opportunity to state the ground which we assume on this disputed point: While we distinctly repudiate the doctrine advocated by many, that women should sally forth into the field of action side by side with man, * * * neither do we fall into the opposite extreme and hold that she is required to fold her hands in idleness or spend her days in vain pursuits. We believe that woman has a sphere of action appropriate to her sex—modest but important, unobtrusive but influential. To this field she is appointed by her Maker and Judge."

At one time it was resolved that "the association assume the debt (\$400), principal and interest, to be paid in two years providing the Consistory liquidate the debt in the same space of time on church and parsonage, after which they shall co-operate in re-seating the church." There seems to have been some difference of opinion, for of the thirty-three ladies voting eighteen were for and fifteen against the resolution, while the wife of the squire, a granddaughter of the Rev. Johannes and inheriting some of his determination, informed Dominie Minor in polite but not to be disputed terms that the ladies could decide for themselves what should be done with the money without help from the male sex. Soon after the Consistory expressed their appreciation of the gift in sufficiently humble terms.

This partial record of a year shows the association aided the church financially in many ways, although they seem to have been timid about handling money, for their earnings when they became sufficiently large to be a care were put in the hands of Platt Rouse for safe keeping. These were the days of the Dinghams, Philips, Wardells, Comforts, Planks, Dr. Dewey and Dr. Greene, while among others are the names of Benjamin Miller, T. Luddington and Joel Comfort as honorary members.

Rev. Samuel T. Searle was mild of countenance and speech, courteous and kindly. I believe he baptized me, but the only thing of note that has come down to succeeding generations in regard to the important event is that he forgot his instructions and christened me just plain Rachel.

This was the time when civil war clouds loomed big. During

its progress muslin went up and up until out of sight of the ministerial pocketbook. Mrs. Searle with a flock to provide for decided to cut up the best sheets to solve the problem of the dominie's Sunday wearing apparel, but the ladies, hearing of her straits, came to the rescue and not only provided the muslin but helped with the fine stitching. J. Preston, the eldest, sat in a seat ahead of me in the schoolhouse on the rocks. I think my seat-mate was Mrs. Malcolm of Catskill—we used to delight in poking pencils and other small articles down the dignified Preston's coat-collar. He never reported our misdeeds, but the looks he gave us were to say the least unbecoming the future professor of the New Brunswick Theological Seminary.

To Rev. Benjamin Van Zandt, D. D., we owe the pipe organ, and during his pastorate evangelistic meetings were held by Mr. Bronk of Coxsackie for forty nights with big results; not only were the pews below filled but the gallery as well night after night. Many came out from Catskill and surrounding towns to attend the services. Mrs. Van Zandt was the faithful and much-loved teacher of the Bible class.

Leeds was much larger then than now—a busy little village. There were four temperance organizations, Odd Fellows, and a weekly paper edited by George Warner; there were the humming, clanking mills, and there were lines of houses down what was called Back street—big boarding houses—and close-set houses on Main street that held the families of the workers. At closing time and when the bells gave out their call there was a stream of humanity which filled the street. Many of them were faithful church attendants; others spent their summer Sundays walking in field or wood, or to High Rocks. They were days of prosperity for the churches as well as the village. The pews were filled by whole families not only of the shifting population but by permanent residents; the Eltings, Francis and James, who were elders and identified with all church interests; the Cusslers, McGifferts, Newkirks, Van Deusens, Drysdales, Sterretts and others.

I could tell you many things of the choir—their difficulties, their differences, and even their romances. For a long time it was composed of the three Smith girls (as they were called), Charles Sherman, Stanton and Elizabeth Palmatier, with Miss Van Zandt the skilled organist; later Dr. and Mrs. Rouse and Mrs. Charles Vedder were prominent in this work.

I could tell you of the Sunday School with its faithful superintendents: John Whitbeck, Herrick Wilbur, Stanton Palmatier, Charles Vedder, Newton Brant and Henry Kamm—they stood high in the estimation of all; Sanford D. Plank, beloved by the children, a born superintendent.

A stubby, pug-nosed little girl with tow-colored curls, I used to travel the dusty turnpike road to Sunday School at 9 in the morning, recite the catechism and the ten commandments, and then sit through the long sermons which did not seem to have much in them for little girls excepting a terrifying picture of the wrath to come. I spent

most of the time dreaming of the future when I should be old enough to wear a black lace shawl fastened with a cameo pin, but the tragedy of it was that when I was old enough lace shawls were out of style.

The picnics were great events. The whole congregation turned out—the young men with their red-wheeled top buggies, and the young ladies in embroidered white dresses and leghorn hats with white feathers (the longer the feather the more stylish you were). Swings, lemonade and peanuts were the chief attractions of the youngsters, and there was no food conservation. When a thunder shower came up there was a general scramble for some house, where they presented a sorry sight—white dresses hung starchless about their feet, the feathered leghorns clung to their ears, and rivulets from the roses on their hats, red or yellow, as the case might be, ran down their faces. Babies cried, and a terrific clap of thunder brought forth shrieks of fear from timid ones. The provisions had been hastily gathered up—cake, pie, pickles, and sandwiches were hopelessly mingled together. These picnics were held in Newkirk's Grove, near what is now called Gypsy Point, and where there is not one trace left of the grove.

There were the donations at the parsonage, where we sat and looked at each other throughout the evening, the great event the supper, for were not the boys lined up on each side of the hall, and it required courage to pass down the line not knowing which, desirable or undesirable, would step out as you passed—possibly none, and that was still a greater calamity. The sociables were a little different, for those were held out in the country and required a top buggy to take you there. The singing school was held in the schoolhouse (sometimes in Warner's Hall) and not strictly connected with the church, but then all worth-while community life centered in the church and of course the choir attended and were given preference. Here, too, the boys lined up in the hall, to the delight of a lot of teasing, giggling youngsters. I always went to singing school. Why, it is hard to tell, for I have never been able to sing, but I can still plainly hear the voices of those who joined in singing "Jingle Bells" and "America," or who tried the scales with vim and vigor.

Youth followed old age, and Rev. C. P. Ditmars came fresh from the New Brunswick Seminary in 1879. A few months later he took unto himself a wife. In 1882 was held the 150th anniversary, when old pastors and able speakers were present. The three years of his stay were those of deep satisfaction to his people and it was with great regret that his resignation was accepted, although I suspect they had been trying years for the young dominie and his family.

The Sewing Society that has done such good work and is still alive and active at the age of forty-two was organized by Mrs. Ditmars. Two of the charter members—Mrs. J. B. Rouse, and Mrs. W. Van Vechten, who were officers—are still at the helm, while Miss Jennie Lewis (now Mrs. Malcolm) and Mrs. Ditmars have gone to

other homes. The others—Mrs. Dewey (the first president), Mrs. Moses Palmatier, Mrs. Stanton Palmatier, Miss Elizabeth Palmatier, Mrs. Joseph McGiffert, Mrs. Charles Vedder, Miss Anna Ditmars and Mrs. Scipel have all passed on. The society's numbers grew rapidly until they included nearly all the women of the congregation, with several honorary members among the men.

I could tell you many things about this society. The thrill of banding Elder Day that first \$150 on the church debt; of all those drives behind staid old horses the men were willing to trust us with—no automobile could ever do more thrilling stunts than those same old horses, who sometimes refused to be tied, and sometimes refused, like their gasoline successors, to go at all. We met with Mrs. Harmon Cole out South Cairo way, Mrs. Palmatier and Mrs. Newkirk at the Potic, Mrs. Isaac Vedder and all the other Vedders, Mrs. Sanford Plank, Mrs. Gonnerman of the stone house in the valley, Mrs. Laraway and Aunt Katie Salisbury, Mrs. Van Hoesen, Mrs. White, Mrs. Elmendorf, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Brandt, Mrs. Person and a dozen others.

For the small sum of 10c. the men might come to tea, which was restricted to plain fare, but the serpent crept in as in the beginning of man's existence, suggesting to the women more and more forbidden fruit, and the prescribed simple menu became a feast. In self-defense the society voted to go home supperless.

Rev. Elbert N. Sebring and his kindly wife went quietly in and out for five years, when he was called up higher. During that time the interior of the church was changed from solid gallery enclosure to the present railing, the four windows on the north closed up, and the old pulpit replaced by a more modern one, the gift of Silleck D. Smith. The chairs were given by Mrs. William Newkirk and daughter Elizabeth, while the table was the gift of Mr. Sebring. The beautiful elm near the front of the church and others by the chapel and along Main street were set by Edwin Greene, a former resident who with his family attended this church.

Several years of disaster and trying events followed. The parsonage was destroyed by fire and many of the church records lost, while the church was overwhelmed at the disclosures that followed. In 1891 Rev. Clarence M. Perlee was installed and the parsonage was rebuilt. In 1893 the lot adjoining the church was purchased and sheds built by the Sewing Society; the old building which had served as a hotel, a store, and lastly a saloon was converted into a place of prayer and social gatherings.

Rev. C. M. Perlee, devoted and conscientious pastor for eight years, left behind many friends. His most efficient work was among the young people and in the Christian Endeavor Society, which he organized. In a letter written just after the 175th anniversary he speaks of the dear old church and the people, noting the fact that a brother of Rev. Peter Labagh, a former pastor here, introduced the English language in the St. Thomas church, West Indies, where Mr. Perlee was then located; and a son of Rev. Isaac Wyckoff was also a pastor there, "which, you see," he writes, "makes a sort of

bond between the two churches, and I hope that God will bless both pastor and people of the Leeds church more and more as the days go by."

It was at Mrs. Perlee's suggestion, and to her is due in a large measure its success, that the cook book was printed. For a long time it brought in a steady revenue, nine hundred copies in all having been disposed of.

Rev. E. T. F. Randolph made friends among the younger set, his appeal and influence having most weight there. He introduced the responsive reading of the Psalms. During his short stay of two years he had little time to carry out his plans for future spiritual and temporal advancement.

Rev. F. V. Van Vranken, D. D., graced this pulpit with dignity and scholarly sermons for twelve years. The chapel was built under his supervision by the Ladies' Sewing Society; the electric lights given by Hasbrouck Newkirk; the old steps removed, a new ceiling put on, the interior thoroughly renovated and the kitchen enlarged by the Invincibles; a new carpet was provided by the late Mrs. Sutton; individual communion service by Mrs. Anna Hunter and Miss Alice Newkirk, and the 175th anniversary of the church organization celebrated with great success.

Mr. Van Vranken left a somewhat discouraged Consistory whose faith in God and the congregation needed boosting. The young people wanted youth and enthusiasm; the Ladies' Aid, steadfastness and creed; while the Friday Club desired literary attainments and a fine appearance. It was plain one man was not likely to have all these virtues, so Sister Smith hoped he would at least be pious.

The first man who was willing to exhibit his mental powers that we might appraise their value was gifted with oratory. His words flowed forth continuously and effectively, but he would have none of us. The second proved undesirable—a gold brick, as it were; while thirdly appeared on an ill-chosen day of driving, drifting snow—an approach to a blizzard—the few who managed and conscientiously waded to the church were hardly noticeable, and empty pews tend to embarrassment and lack of enthusiasm. He reached home next day with two frozen ears and a sense of failure. Fourthly, pompons and unafraid, read his sermon through his nasal organ, sprinkling it plentifully with Ah's and Oh's as if in pain. He was followed next morning by sincere wishes for a safe journey—without return.

However, in time the right man appeared and Rev. John H. Heinrichs took up the work with enthusiasm, and to the cares he was expected to assume added semi-monthly meetings in the Athens schoolhouse, later giving this up for the more pressing need (because of war conditions) at Kiskatom, holding services every Sunday afternoon at the church there. Since his coming many improvements have been made, and the late Joseph McGiffert made possible electric lights for the church.

There are many dropped threads in the weaving of the history of this village. As I first remember it, it was like all mill villages.

composed of different classes and nationalities; old residents and a constantly shifting population. The early years of my life were more intimately connected with the place and people of Jefferson, and my first recollections of Leeds are of a small private school and the old church. The school was kept by the mother of Milton Fowks of the plow works, in the basement reached by natural stone steps. It is but a hazy recollection at best, but I know that Mrs. Fowks was an honored and respected resident, a woman of considerable ability. Of the schoolhouse on the hill there was then but one room with benches and desks around the wall, with Mr. McGiffert as teacher. Afterward, when the front room was added and there were three teachers, my mind goes back to Prof. Ryan of beautiful penmanship as shown in reports of that date. Others were Mr. Renne, and Mr. Greene, whose daughter Clara was one of the pupils.

There was a little store opposite the schoolhouse, its bell going tinkle, tinkle, when the door was opened, and Mrs. Teich with gold hoops in her ears left her household duties when the good man was busy elsewhere, to deal out the candies. Next was the cider-mill, a blacksmith shop and a row of houses close to the walk; the Wardwell house at the back on what was once a part of the main highway; the Oosterhout house, whose door opened on the street, was next to Laraway's, and a house or store where now is Harris Edward's blacksmith shop. The Company store, and Herrick Wilbur's, with its evergreen-shaded yard, stood across the narrow street beyond the Fulton house. Another block of mill houses is now the St. George. The stone store of Martin Schuneman was then standing (B. T. White's), the meat market and house of David Duncan, Smith & Newkirk hotel, and the tavern of Schuneman (then Squire Van Vechten's). The two last-named burned in the big fire of 1876, and the others in 1883. The Van Vechten house was rebuilt but again burned in 1891.

I used often to be sent on errands to the old tavern which had been used as a house for many years, but standing behind a row of horse chestnuts still retained its double-decked piazza (which seems to have been the fashion for taverns) with an extension which was the squire's office, and the basement (probably the old bar room) then used for fuel and storage. The Elizabeth House occupies the site.

The upper piazza led into the broad hall, with its quaint pictures, books, maps, mahogany table and horsehair sofa, to the dining room where great-aunt Maria was sure to be found at her desk or mending. The dining table was covered with a red cloth on which was a fruit-dish with open-work sides containing oranges and grapes. Beside the door which led down to the kitchen (the stone house of Jan Bronck), where Betty and Dick presided, was a tall secretary upon whose paneled doors were inlaid angels or cherubs, on its carved top a warrior with shield and spear. Through the window could be seen the Catskill flowing through the arches of the stone bridge.

Great-aunt Maria was very dignified, with white kerchief and

cap with lavender ribbons, and it would not have been well to offend her by bad manners. Once I found her very much disturbed because Uncle John had gone to church with his garden hat on, and so distressed was she when she discovered it, too late for remedy, that she walked in the open door to her seat far up the aisle with her parasol over her head, and, as if that were not enough, it must needs have a slit in it on the side toward the congregation.

Silleck Dan Smith, named for his grandfather, Silleck Dan, was postmaster and had his office in Smith's Hotel with a bell outside, supposed to be pulled when he was not seated at his desk in front of the window. He was a thin, wiry man, lame from a fall in childhood, the sage of the village but somewhat inclined to be testy as the effect of years of ill health, and would fly into rage if the bell were pulled more than once, which mischievous children often did. One day a companion gave it two sharp pulls and ran, leaving me to face his wrath alone. I stood open-mouthed until the storm had passed, then took the letters he thrust out, and fled. Next day an orange was handed out with the mail, for in spite of his quick temper he was ready with apology when it cooled. He was always held in great respect by the townspeople, and Martin G. Schuneman gave him the old hogskin family bible as a keepsake.

John Burroughs was one of the village storekeepers, living in the house next the store. He built a brick building on the site of the old one, which he sold to Louis Teich, whose father, a cloth-maker, came from Germany to New York when Louis was but three years old, living there a year before coming to Leeds, where for a time the family, consisting of wife and two sons, lived opposite the present store, later buying the property opposite the school.

Next above the schoolhouse still stand the dwellings of the Montgomerys, Wrigleys, and William Fowks. The home of Joel Comfort is now a grocery store, and church sheds stand where there was a blacksmith and wagon-maker's shop, the chapel occupying a tavern site of early date. Another tavern, now The Madison, built before 1814 (may have been in 1796) on the other side of the church, with the farm was in those days the home of Edward Warner and had a porch over the front door. Abram Lewis lived for a long time on Main street, then built two houses on Green Lake avenue, in one of which he died. There were the Dedericks, Conines and Philip Wolfe, all of whom had large families and most of them still live at Leeds or Catskill.

Many pleasant days were spent at a little house on the Green Lake road. Sometimes in the early morning the start would be made on "Charley Colt," an old horse raised on the farm and long past the colt age. Should Charley feel so inclined, on reaching the pasture bars he would turn round and round, and round again until allowed to go back home, when father would give a sharp blow with a switch, and fully subdued, he would go down the dusty road, taking the turn at Spooky Hollow with never a glance at the bars; up the valley road bordered with smelly pine woods, where the birds were singing and the squirrels chirping; past the worn path that

led to Orrie's and Noritje's log cabin, whose single room, steeped in tobacco smoke from their pipes, was a favorite place to visit and listen to the tales they had to tell; below the hill the Wilkinson home and scene of the Mary Catherine Lee stories; then on to the top of the Lousterberg, where in those days the road ran close to the edge of the hill and dipped down with steep grade to the lower land. From the top of the hill I always paused to take in the view of open country between it and the mountains, where the turnpike descended and ascended from hill to valley and from valley to hill, curving around rocky ledges and losing itself in another valley where the church spire could be seen above the trees.

Passing the home of the Weitlaufs, with its alluring strawberry patch and berry bushes, old Charley would strike into a canter and we were soon at the gate, where the grandfather of the house always greeted me with a smile. He (Barent Rouse) was a tall, dignified old man, deeply humorous; a fine type of an honest, up-



A. T. STEWART MILL AT LEEDS, NOW DEMOLISHED

right man whose influence upon the family life for all that was good and worth while can never be measured. Inside was the grandmother, still fair of face but delicate of body; a semi-invalid who seldom left her home. Her voice was pleasant, her manner mild; she demanded and received respect—a real grandmother.

The turnpike in summer was always dusty or muddy; often in spring on the clay hill hub-deep with mud, the teamsters doubling up for successful hauling to the top. Dick Hill with his cart and ox-team was a familiar figure, leisurely putting on dirt or gravel which the next hard shower washed off. Years later a neighbor, Richard Phelan, planted a row of maple trees along the side and made a raised walk to the village. This walk was destroyed when the state road was built, but the maples remain.

The stage coach and the four-seated market-wagons coming in

what seemed an endless line from the Day Boat, before the Mountain Railroad of 1882, were in summer a break in the monotony of the days. The wagons were loaded beyond their comfortable limit, the stage filled inside and out, legs dangling from the top and trunks tied on everywhere, a fog of dust enveloping them, and on hot summer days horses and passengers alike in a state of profuse perspiration. Often there were wailing babies, but these difficulties in reaching the mountains never seemed to affect the tide of travel.

The last of the name of Salisbury to live in the house (now George Y. Clement's) was General William Salisbury. He had advanced by all the military grades from Sergeant to Major General, and when the affairs of his country no longer demanded his services he settled down to farm life. He was deacon of the church at Leeds, "benevolent and popular," connected with the Agricultural Society and did much toward "furthering improved methods of agriculture." Reverses came through no fault of his, unless it were the fault of too great faith in his friends, and he honorably gave up the home he loved and with his family removed to Catskill, where he died in 1883.

After the mills closed Edwin Greene was in charge for some years, and Martin Keough continued as watchman.

Many devastating fires reduced the houses of the Company, others were torn down and scarcely a half-dozen remain. Of these one stands on the hill at the extreme end of what was Factory Row, and an apartment house of several families is included in the St. George. The upper mill, the last to go, was taken down and in 1921 the bricks removed, leaving an unsightly vacancy.

The first mills at Leeds were grist and saw-mills of Van Bergen and Salisbury at the upper fall. Ira or Stephen Day had the first flouring mill, and after this came Day, Austin and Whittlesey, and in 1814 Schuneman, Person and Salisbury had grist and flour-mills. The mill of Day became Whittlesey's, and on the same site Samuel Harris erected a large woolen mill. This was burned in 1862 and rebuilt in '64, becoming the Waterville Manufacturing Company, then A. T. Stewart's. The lower one closed in 1881 and the upper in 1882. Herrick Wilbur succeeded Samuel Harris as manager and treasurer, the latter going to Catskill. In 1837 Robert Fulton was miller in Henry Whittlesey's mill. Fulton was a popular man who often entertained a crowd at John Person's or at Whittlesey's store, arguing a political point. He made a successful sheriff.

Many families connected with the mills were of the Roman Catholic faith, which in time necessitated a church for their convenience. A lot on Green Lake avenue was purchased of Dewey Dederick in 1878, and a church built. With the closing of the mills regular service was discontinued until the increase of summer population made it once more desirable to have service every Sunday morning during the summer season, when often there is not room for all the worshipers, coming as they do not only from the village but from surrounding boarding houses.

The first marriage recorded by Dr. Van Zandt was that of Frank Knoll and Huldah Harzog of Germany. Mr. Knoll was a weaver and

worked in the mills for a number of years, but with an eye to the future spent his spare time and evenings, his wife helping him, wrapping cigars and learning details of the trade. Finally he set up a store in Catskill.

Among the celebrities of that time and later were "Sam" and "Wash" June (Sam was found dead one day on the bank of the creek, where he had fallen from the bridge); Billy Griggs, who ended his days on the Connty Farm; Sally, who was often seen dragging wood from the island; Yawpee, Case and Abe, with their skinny horse and load of bean-poles, always proclaiming their return from town to the neighborhood by rollicking songs which echoed through the woods as they passed along the valley road, the words of the song often improvised to fit the failing of some neighbor swaying backward and forward, their legs dangling from the sides of the rude rigging, the horse often on a mad gallop. Forewarned by the racket, passers-by gave them the road.



MRS JUDITH MOORE, DAUGHTER OF DICK AND BETTY

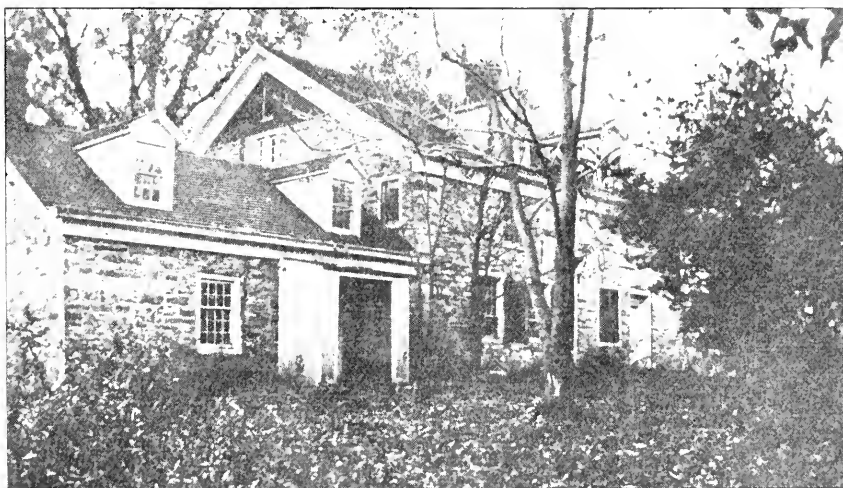
Among the colored population was Francis Moore, and his wife Judith, the last the daughter of Betty and Dick, one-time slaves who lived at Squire Van Vechten's. She belonged to the old type whose parents were a part of pioneer days; was soft of speech, gentle of manner and much respected. Eight of her twelve children are still alive. Maria Moore, wife of Jacob Moore, pensioner of the Civil War, still lives on the Elting farm, clinging to her home and her chickens. Richard Sisco, or "Dick," a G. A. R. veteran, died in 1921.

JEFFERSON

THE farm which Dirck Teunis Van Vechten purchased (1690) lay along the Katskill and Kaaterskill, below and including some of the land which the Indians called "Castle Heights" or what is now Jefferson, and when he returned to his home at Greenbush with the news of his successful bargaining with Van Cortland for the land his wife asked him, as he dwelt on the advantages of the purchase: "Will we be alone in the wilderness?"

"'Twill not be o'er-crowded," he answered. "There be the cabin of Guysbert uyt den Bogaert, who has dwelt along the Katskill for many years. William Loveridge, a hatter of Beverwyck, has purchased lands at the Hop-o'-Nose, of Claus-nylen-spiegle, and five miles up stream are the lands and log cabin of Jan Bronck, while the Commander of the Fort and our nephew have large estates in that region. They, as you know, have not yet come hither; doubtless their lands will be leased for some years to come. I fear it is little companionship you will have for a time."

"Well, what matter?" replied the good vronw; "the lads and lasses and household cares will keep me from idle thoughts and



VAN VECHTEN FARMHOUSE, BUILT 1690

hands, but I would that there were a few of mine own kindred near."

Dirck Teunis had the problem of moving his family and household goods more than thirty miles through the wilderness. How he solved it we do not know, probably by the slow-moving sloop down the Hudson, transferring them to ox-carts or floating them on flatboats at high tide up the Catskill, but here where the two streams join watery forces they lived in peace and plenty: the Indian trail from Canada passing their door, the burial place of Pewasck and her tribe just beyond, while forests of grand old oaks, sycamores and chestnuts were between them and the Landing.

Van Vechten began at once to clear more land—for it had previously been occupied by Van Bremen and others—and extend his wheat and corn fields already under cultivation. A little grist and saw-mill on the Hans Vosen Kill was within the boundaries of his lands, and here settlers brought their grain to be ground into coarse flour. There was plenty of corn, wool, flax and everything necessary for use and comfort to be stored away in barns and out-buildings, the rest was sent to market by sloops which anchored in the Hudson at the mouth of the Catskill on their way to New York, by means of flat-boats floated down at high tide. The sloops, dependent on wind and weather, were often longer going to New York than it takes to-day to cross the ocean.

Van Vechten was kept busy attending to matters on the farm and performing the duties of his office as Justice of the Peace of Albany county and that of magistrate at Catskill. "The first took him to Albany three times a year to attend the Common Court. He was also captain of the colony, and one day in the autumn of 1689 a weary messenger with sweating horse drew rein at the door.

"I must consult with Schuyler and officers of the Fort," he said to Jannetje as he read the letter delivered to him. "There be great danger from the French and Indians, and we must gather our forces. Tell Dick to saddle the black mare, and do you see that Dinah gives me a bite to eat. I must be well on my way to the Fort before mid-day. Johannes, you ride to Esopus with the news, that they may be prepared against my return; but first care for this messenger and his beast—he has ridden hard and both have need of rest."

"The enrollment is well started," he said to Jannetje a few days later. "Our sons Johannes and Teunis, and Francis Salisbury have enrolled and will be sent to Skeensburrrough. It's scant pay they get—two pence daily and provisions—but the country must be defended."

Jannetje made no reply but was soon looking over her stock of woolen and hand-made socks, that husband and sons might be well provided for against the cold winter, and when they had passed out of sight there was no time wasted in idle tears. Much of the care of the farm would fall upon her, for Michael the eldest had married (1686) and lived at Raritan; Wyntje was also married (1682); but Samuel was a steady lad of seventeen and upon him Jannetje relied greatly.

With the winter (1690) came news of the Schenectady massacre and many troubles with the Indians, but spring brought Dirck and his sons back from the frontier, holding themselves ready to return at a moment's notice. As time passed without their recall they settled down to the routine work on the farm, and four years later Teunis brought home a wife, Cathlyntje Van Petten of Schenectady. Johannes also married, and Abraham the youngest went to live with his brother Michael at Raritan. Samuel had little use for woman-kind apart from his mother. Janse Casperus Hollenbeck of Cox-sackie, and Jan Baptiste DuMont of Kingston found the company of

Neeltje and Fytje necessary to their happiness. Of the twelve children three daughters had died.

It was in 1702 that Dirck Teunis Van Vechten died and was carried to the knoll between his house and the Catskill, where his sons placed a brown headstone to mark the spot. His son Teunis then became captain of the colony. This same year William Loveridge of the Hop-o'-Nose died.

Teunis and Caatje remained on the farm, and five years after the death of his father (1707) Teunis also died. He was but thirty-nine years old, and the eldest of their five children was but twelve, while the little Teunis was an infant. The brothers of Teunis, sr., looked after the interests of the family and managed the farm. One day Samuel, one of the brothers, announced his intention of sailing on the next ship to Holland, to visit relatives there.

"I have long had a desire to go hither," he said, "and the time seems ripe for the purpose."

"Will you tarry long in the old country?" asked Caatje, while the youngsters listened with awe because of so great an undertaking.

"That I cannot say, but doubtless some time will elapse before I turn homeward, for I can well be spared from the farm, but I like not to leave the little Teunis."

"We will care for him well. He will be a sturdy lad when you return, and no more a toddler."

"See that you do not let him forget me."

Samuel soon set sail for New York, and two years passed before his return. He was a man of dignity with a firm mouth, prominent nose and keen but kindly eyes. While in Holland he was induced to have his portrait painted for the little Teunis he loved so well to hand down to posterity. Often the children of Caatje and his other nephews and nieces talked of his journey and longed for his return, that they might hear of the strange land of dykes and windmills, and the wonderful voyage across the ocean. At last a sloop dropped anchor at the Landing, and with his chest Uncle Samuel was lowered from its side. Young Loveridge had seen the sloop and rowed across the Catskill in time to greet the traveler.

"How now, neighbor? Well pleased am I to see you safely back from your perilous voyage. Didst have fair weather?"

"That I did until a day's journey from New York, when it seemed doubtful the ship could weather the gale, and little cared I if she did not. It seemed better to be cast into the sea than to be possessed with such terrible gripings. But here I am. Is all well with my kindred?"

"They be all strong and hearty. Little Teunis is a great lad."

"Glad I be that no harm has befallen them. And now what shall be done with my chest? Its contents are of too much value to be left about for some thieving Indian."

"Yonder comes Jan Bronck; doubtless he will turn out of his way to carry thee and thy chest."

Jan Bronck was very willing to accommodate so great a traveler, and hear the news. Soon they were seated side by side on the

chest, while the ox-team slowly made the way over the rough road. As they came in sight of the farmhouse Samuel saw the little Teunis playing outside.

"Whose big lad is this?" he said, scarcely believing it could be the little one he had so reluctantly left behind.

"I be Teunis. Be you my Uncle Samuel come back from across the big waters?"

By this time Caatje had come to the door, the slaves gathered at a respectful distance, and the other children came shyly forward. Old Dinah was the first to hurry to the kitchen to prepare the evening meal, and Caatje slipped away to see that his room was made ready.

After supper, when they had listened eagerly to every word, the children were allowed to stay up long enough to see the contents of the big chest which Uncle Samuel opened in the living room, and each member of the family, even the slaves, received some gift brought from Holland. Then he unrolled the portrait of himself which he said belonged to Teunis, and brought out a hogskin Bible with heavy clasps, printed in Amsterdam. Even Dirck, now grown to man size, was too excited for much sleep, and it was many a day before they tired of asking questions, although often sternly reminded by their mother that lads and lasses should be seen but not heard.

On Samuel's return he found the rough road or Indian trail by the door was being transformed into the King's Highway. It would reduce the difficulties of travel from New York to Albany, increase the number of travelers and bring them in closer touch with relatives and friends. Hospitality was the rule, and the best room always in readiness for chance guests whom night might overtake on the way.

In 1715 Samuel's brothers made over the farm to him and he built a dam across the Katskill, with a grist and saw-mill and a general store. He prospered greatly. Soon Dirck, eldest of the nephews under his care, began to make frequent trips to Kingston, and when he and Helena Suybrant were married he was given lands at Loonberg and along the Mohawk. Eva married Johannes Suybrandt; Jannetje and Maria died, and only Teunis was left with his uncle to be brought up as his own son.

In 1741 the bachelor Samuel Van Vechten died and bequeathed his "lands at Katskill with all the houses, out house, grist mill, barns, barracks, orchard, garden and so forth, to his orphaned nephew Teunis." He also gave him his "household goods, furniture, utensils and implements, namely: beds, bedding, linen, woolen, iron, brass, puter, wooden ware, wagons, slays, plows, harrows, plate, cash, money and moneys on hand or owing to me, together with all my personal chattels as negro slaves, male and female, horses, cows, sheep, swine, poultry, with all and every other part of my moveable and personal estate wheresoever and whatsoever, none excepted."

The same was "to abide, continue and remain, the visitation of Almighty God in his all wise providence, only excepted, a perpetual state of inheritance for, and to the uses of him, the said Teunis

Van Vechten, during his life, and after his decease, of the heir of his body and thence from heir to heir aforesaid, successively to the end of the world * * * rendering and paying therefore yearly and every year forever, on the 25th of March, to his Majesty his heirs or successors, the quit rent due for the same, namely the quantity of three bushels of good winter wheat."

1741 was what was called "the hard winter." It began in November and lasted until March. It is recorded in an old diary in Dutch, and commented upon as "mine Got it vas an awful time." The depth of "snow reached six feet and fires were kept burning night and day."

In 1744 war was declared between England and France, then came the burning of Saratoga. Four years after peace was declared, but the frontiers still suffered from the Indians. Teunis Van Vechten had news of the scalping of two relatives, and "1748 he received a commission as first lieutenant in a company of militia foot, with Casperus Bronck captain. There is no record that his services were needed." In the meantime he had married Judith Ten Broeck of Kingston.

Eight years Teunis and Judith lived in the old house after their marriage, and it was greatly in need of repair. They had three sons at this time, and with a growing family and increasing number of slaves, it seemed desirable to enlarge it. Teunis had been prosperous, adding to the farm many acres and improving it in various ways.

"Teunis," said Judith one day, "Dost not think it would be well to enlarge our quarters? Our neighbors' fine dwellings shame us."

"It be little use I have for outward show," he replied, "but it were wise to set the masons at the big chimney or it may tumble on our heads in some sudden tempest, and if you so desire the dwelling might be added to; the walls are solid and fit for years to come."

So the old home was made longer and higher as Judith desired; the blue tile set around the fireplace in the best room removed. Much of the woodland had been cleared away; there was a fine orchard and the western windows looked out on vast cornfields and waving fields of grain with glimpses of the Catskill and Kaaterskill, while in the distance were rolling hills and the background of blue mountains. The southern windows looked out upon the garden which sloped downward to the "streeke" and the waters of the Catskill. On the opposite shore waterworn rocks held back the lands sloping upward in uneven ridges and patches of pasture. A little to the north was the fording place of the King's Highway, along which was the schoolhouse where Teunis had learned to read and write. From 1767 to 1771 Martin McGee taught the school and Teunis Van Vechten paid for his children (Teunis, Samuel, Jacob, Elizabeth and Abram) 4 pounds 16 shilling for two years. The account was balanced every two years. From June, 1771, to December, 1772, John McRobber was teacher. He was charged with six gallons of rum for two years.

A second schoolhouse stood opposite the one of the present day. It was of logs and the benches were slabs, with desks on three sides of the room, backs to the wall. In 1907 Luke and Jacob Van Vechten were the only survivors of all the children who attended that school.

In 1770 Teunis built a new grist and saw-mill and mill-dam, the last a hundred feet north of the present one, at a cost of 1000 pounds.

After the burning of Kingston, Jacob Ten Broeck and his wife, the father and mother of Judith Van Vechten, came up to the farm to live, and as the Indians and British raiders came up the Old King's Road and crossed the creek at the ford, the news of their approach was brought to the house. All the silverware was placed in the bottom of a sick-chair and Mrs. Ten Broeck sat in it. When the chief came in, she spoke to him and said: "Are you going to burn me out again as you did in Kingston?" He recognized her, and immediately called off his men. They all shook hands with her and went off.

The sons of Teunis were sent from the little log schoolhouse to the Kingston Academy, and the youngest (Abraham) chose the law as his life work, and studied under Chancellor Lansing. "The high places of the Bar were filled at that time by such men as Hamilton, Burr, Jones and Livingston," and it has been written of Abraham that "he soon ranked as their equal." There was no display, no impassioned speech. He was always listened to with attention and respect. He was venerated as a model of professional excellence. "He was Recorder of the city of Albany, Member of Assembly, State Senator, and Attorney General in turn; was twice offered a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court, but declined the honor in order that the interests of his clients might not suffer." He was also "a faithful member of the Reformed Church."

Samuel married Sara Van Orden and remained on the farm. Of their eleven children, two girls and two boys died young. Their sons also received their education at Kingston, and Jacob entered Union College, choosing the law as a profession, and it is said that "in the office of his uncle Abraham he was expected to distinguish himself but his mind turned toward the ministry." He studied theology under Dr. Mason, and "on the day of the battle of New Orleans he became the pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church of Schenectady," where he remained—his only charge—for thirty-four years, during which period "one thousand members were added to the church."

A sufferer from rheumatism, in 1825 he "visited Europe for treatment, hoping for renewed strength," and underwent an operation which, "through the blunder of a surgeon," made it necessary for him to use a cane and crutch for the rest of his life. "He bore the trial cheerfully and continued to preach until 1849." As a member of the Board of Trustees of Union College "his love and interest in it never flagged. After his retirement he wrote for the religious and secular press, conducted special services, prepared a

new sermon weekly, and often had feeble congregations under his care." His last days were "in the family of his son-in-law, Rev. Prof. Huntington, where he spent the evening of a beautiful life among his children. He was amiable, gentle, kind and affectionate, a lover of hospitality, full of sympathy and encouragement." He married Catharine, daughter of Dr. Mason, and for his second wife, Maria Van Dyck of Cossackie.

Samuel, the brother of Jacob, started out as a merchant, but soon he too decided for the ministry and graduated from Rutgers, became pastor of the Reformed Church of Bloomingburg and Fort Plain. "He was an advanced thinker and believed in progress for church as well as state." While preaching at Fort Plain "he was tried by General Synod for heresy. His answer in his own defense was: "Brothers, you will all preach the same doctrine for which I am on trial before you, within twenty years, or grass will grow before the door of your church. You must abolish free school or change your doctrine. The advancement in arts, science and educational facilities has freed men of ancient Israel. They will no longer follow the tenets, but to be successful the church must keep pace with the progress of the world in matters relating to the church." "He was twenty years in advance of his time, but he lived long enough to see his prophecy realized."

At the death of their father, the homestead and the mill fell to Peter, Washington and John. The first two never married, but John married Eleanor Schuneman, granddaughter of the Rev. Johannes, and their six children were born there, three of whom lived to grow up. The house was much the same as when Teunis enlarged it for his family. On the first floor of the smaller part was the kitchen, with its fireplace and brick oven, and in the corner next to the hall the bed of Caesar and Dinah. A narrow stairway led to the room above where Tom, Jupiter, Claes, Hans and Dick slept—these were the seven slaves of their father Samuel, and when the sons left for other homes, each, as was the custom, was given a slave for his own. They were freed several years before the time required by law, but, faithful to the family and happy with the inner consciousness of freedom, were content to serve as before.

The hall with its crooked stairway ran north and south with a door at either end, and near the front entrance stood a mahogany table with its folded over leaf on which were decanter and glasses. The hall served as dining room in Summer. A step up and a door opened into a living room, where, in a recess on one side of the big chimney, John and Eleanor slept for warmth in winter. On the other side was a trap door leading to the cellar, and a door opening into the best room, where there was a fireplace of huge proportions.

Jannetje Van Valkenburgh, who had the care of Sarah, the eldest, occupied with her one of the southern rooms which opened into the garden; and the other, after the death of Eleanor, the mother, was given over to Margery DuBois and the little Peter who was but six months old when his mother died. A year before this two little daughters, Catharine Judith, and Anna Maria, had died

within ten days of each other. "Putrid sore throat" seems to have been prevalent in those days, and when it entered a family, two, and often three or four, were taken.

Jannetje had been carried to Canada by Indians when quite small, and at fourteen, escaping from them and having learned much of their cunning and the ways of the wilderness, followed the trail along Lake Champlain and, reaching a settler's cabin, was passed from one cabin or settlement as the case might be to another, until, reaching the Hudson, she finally found her way to Van Vechten's, was taken in and kept for many years, for she could not trace her relatives. Jannetje did most of the spinning.

The north-west room was given over to the bachelors, Peter and Washington, who each had his high-poster, and here was the only stove in the house. The stove was transferred to the best bedroom when William Magilton, once a year, made the family supply of boots and shoes. It was also used by the tailoress, Gitty DuBois, who made the men's clothing after they had been cut by the tailor, Story of Catskill.

The long room on the south-west was the weave room, and here were the spinning wheel and loom. A narrow stairway in the middle of the upper hall led to the garret where the big swifts were kept, and where tradition says one Jacob hid from the Indians behind the chimney, his mother saying when questioned as to his whereabouts that "he had gone above." Above, being interpreted—as the mother hoped—as Albany, they left without searching the house.

When Peter was five or six years old and riding a horse attached to a horse-rake on the flats below the house, his uncle Peter noticed black swirling clouds coming from the north-west at terrific speed. He lifted the little fellow to the ground, saying: "Run, Peter; run for the house; there is a bad storm coming." Peter's feet flew over the mown field, for he was terrified by the coming darkness. The wind roared through the trees as it came down the glen, the tops of the big elms at the sand-bank bending far over. Once, twice, he fell, and barely escaped running full speed into the duck-pond. The wind was pushing him along so fast he could not keep to the path. Shutters, barn-doors and everything loose about the place was banging in his ears; the frightened chickens, ducks and turkeys were scurrying for shelter; as he reached the gate old Caesar picked him up and dashed inside, and none too soon, for the roof blew off, the gable fell in with a crash and a torrent of rain followed. The house trembled with the force of the hurricane, and, unnoticed in the confusion, Sarah and Peter crouched in the corner by the fireplace.

"Do you think it is the end of the world?" whispered Peter.

"No, it couldn't be," answered Sarah, "you know the dominie said it would be burned up next time, and how could it burn in such a rain?"

The stone gable was soon replaced by red bricks, and with a new roof the house was restored.

John's second wife, Anna Maria Schuneman, refused to live on the farm and they made their home at Madison, but the little Peter chose to remain until it was sold after the new railroad had made it in the eyes of Washington and Peter an undesirable place to live. In 1872 the late Van Wyck Van Vechten bought the stone house and four acres of land from William H. Palmer. The mill was for years known as Cook's Mill, Rushmore's and of late as Pixley's. Mr. Palmer occupied the stone house for some time, and then built the brick one opposite.



MARKING FORDING PLACE ALONG SNAKE ROAD

The fording place on the Old King's Road was a treacherous one, and when the water was high some lives were lost by a too-venturesome spirit, but even after 1802, when a draw-bridge was built at the village and the road practically closed, it was much used to avoid the toll. Peter accumulated many pennies by opening gates for passers-by. One night in the days before the bridge was built, a young man and his wife were about to attempt the crossing, but the water was high and Van Vechten persuaded them to stay at the farm until conditions were more favorable. On leaving, their host having refused compensation, they insisted on giving him a gold ring as a remembrance. The stone was an oblong

square surrounded by pearls, and is carefully kept to-day by Mrs. Knox of New York, one of his descendants.

It was in 1831 that a Mrs. Wolven, her son and the young lady to whom he was engaged, driving past Reuben Palmer's were warned the creek was too high for safe fording, but Mrs. Wolven replied that they "could do it," and she "wasn't going to pay fifty cents to drive over the bridge." Her son protested but she insisted, and the outfit was carried away by the swift current. The mother reached shore, and the son caught hold of a stump, but left it to rescue the girl, and was drowned with her. His body was found next day, but that of the girl was not recovered for several weeks. Peter was out fishing in a boat with Thomas Jackson and Cornelius Benham when one of them discovered the body of the girl and towed it ashore. Peter did not wait for a closer view, but ran for the house and for months could not be persuaded to go near the stream.

Teunis married Rachel Kiersted and lived in a tall wooden house near what is now the Grant House entrance. Here four children were born: Sarah, who became the wife of Peter Simmons and kept a store on the corner; Luke K., who settled on the toll-gate farm near Madison; Jacob, who went west, became a Wisconsin pioneer (the first white man in that part of the state), married Elizabeth Bancroft and spent his life there; Samuel who died at the age of six years.

The old log schoolhouse was still in use when the children of Teunis were young, but later a new one was built across from the other, and to this one Nancy Strong of Durham came to teach. One day a neighbor, Kate Kenyon, said to Luke, "I have found a wife for you."

"You have?" he replied; "then you are a smart woman. Who is she?"

"The new school teacher," was the reply. "She is just the one for you."

"All right," was the quick reply; "then I'll marry her." And he did.

The Kenyons lived just below Van Vechten's (where Mrs. Kranz now lives). John, who was lame, had two wives, daughters of William Schuneman. William afterward became a Judge and Congressman for Ulster county. Cornelia married Wallace Warner, Catskill merchant.

The plateau above the farm of Dirck Teunis was early known as Jefferson. In the time of the Indians there was a fort on the southwestern side, its stockade probably extending down to the unfailing spring along the Snake Road, and Jefferson was known as "Castle Heights" ("Casteel Hoogte," the Dutch called it). From the fort ran a foot-path across the plain to the foot of the Kaleberg, along what is now Brooks Lane, and followed the hills to Cossackie. The sandy flat lands which compose the fertile flats of Jefferson did not appeal to the early settler, and "some portion was later given away as not worth fencing."

It was here the men of old Catskill had their race track, and on

Saturday afternoons even the dominie watched the good-natured rivalry of the Dutchmen as they put their fastest horses to the test, indulged in considerable betting and some drinking, although intoxication was the exception. In 1796 two horses, Rabbit and White Stocking, ran for \$200.

In 1775 Henry Oothoudt, who had married Neeltje Van Bergen, built a house at the foot of the limestone hills (Brooks farm). He was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1790, and later treasurer of the Catskill Horse Stealing Association. He was "an anti-federalist and as a member of the Convention voted against the first Constitution." In 1793 his wife died, and eight years later he also passed on, having been for a year before his death of unsound mind and "often fell a-weeping." They left a daughter, Catharine, who married first John Demarest, by whom she had two children, Henry Oothoudt and Nelly. Her second husband was David Bancroft. By her father's will she received an annuity of "80 pounds and her choice of a negro wench slave, the rest and residue" to her children—Henry O. "to receive a liberal education" and Nelly "a proper and suitable one." Nelly married Peter Gebhardt.

After Henry Oothoudt's death his daughter Catharine was accused of "fraudulently securing from her father while of unsound mind" a deed for the farm "purchased of John Person," for her son John Demarest Bancroft, who was probably born after the will was made. Whether the accusation was proved, history saith not.

On the same road where Henry Oothoudt lived and which runs close to the protecting hills lived Peter Wey (1783); afterward the Magiltons and still later Walter Palmatier.

Before 1797 John Souser had a tavern (now McLaughlin's). It was a popular place and many political and town meetings were held there. Near this tavern was the race track, and the bend in the road at that place is attributed to the tavern. Barent Staats Salisbury of military fame lived at the top of the hill, and there was a tavern called Union Hall on the "square," belonging to William Schuneman. Christopher Whipple and John Pollock were residents, and later Peter Bortle and John Merrifield were inn-keepers opposite William Schuneman's. In 1805 John Souser died, "an old and respected resident of the town." In later years this was the Jennings home.

It was at Jefferson, after the death of Martin Van Bergen, on lands given his wife Anna Maria (by Van Bergen) that Rev. Johannes Schuneman built (about 1792) a home for himself, but continued to preach in the church at old Catskill.

"It is best that we should have a home of our own against the time when you shall be too old to minister to the flock, for we are both far along in years," Mistress Schuneman had said to the good man.

"Well spoken, mine vrouw; I have had such a plan in mind for some time. There is a fair spot on the hill above the stream called the Vosen Kill, on the lands at Jefferson which your father left us. We might well be content to spend our days there. The

pastures have no lack of water, the land can be easily tilled, and the "Het strand," fast growing into a village of considerable size, is not far distant. It is little likely I will be able to preach for long, and if you so desire we will see the masons at once."

The house was built of bricks after the manner of the Van Bergens—long and roomy, with porch on either side, and they left their parsonage home among the hills at old Catskill to enjoy it together but a short time, for on a Sunday morning in May, (1794) he spoke to his flock from the words, "It is finished," and six days later in the stillness of evening he passed away. Two years later his wife followed him. To-day you can see the two brown headstones in the center of the Jefferson Rural Cemetery, of which these were the beginning when it was "but a field."

"His funeral was a great event." Rum, whiskey and wine were common drinks and always kept on a table in the hallway, and, as was the custom when a great man died, rum was served "before and after the funeral, and on returning from the grave," when the virtues of the dead were dwelt upon as they "sipped the beverage or smoked long-stemmed pipes" which with tobacco were provided for the occasion.

Johannes—or John as he called himself in later years—was of German parentage, his father (Hermann Schuneman of Hamburg, who came to this country in 1709) became captain of the Palatines at East Camp, and there married a daughter of George Muller, also of Hamburg.

Rev. David Murdock, who wrote the "Dutch Dominie of the Catskills," describes him as "a man of large and wide influence in his time. * * * Of his ancestors he was one who would not boast, and when his wife, who rather looked up to the aristocracy, would begin to trace back he would curtly say, 'The less of that Maria, the better. My name is Schuneman, and you are Dutch enough to know that is skinner, another name for plain butcher; a Yankee would call it skinflint.'"

"Trained in Calvinistic theology, which renders men firm in principle, drinking in the love of liberty for which Holland has been famous, and believing in the Presbyterian order of church government which calls no man master, he was prepared to pray and fight against the devil and the king. His ardent temperament made him a fierce foe and a firm friend, while his superior learning raised him above all the laymen in the region, and his office gave him power he was not slack to use on his own responsibility."

His wife was a large and gallant looking woman, with a chin that defied all competition, and her speech was authority, not excepting the dominie himself. She sat high like a queen, of fine rounded form, her complexion of pure pink and white, too masculine to be motherly, and was more likely to be feared than loved by the people of the parish. Her husband addressed her as "y'vrouw."

The dominie was not free from slander during his lifetime, in spite of the dignity of his office and his reputation as a godly man.

The year before his death, in the Catskill Packet appears a

public letter in which one T—— V—— W—— writes, "Whereas, a malicious and scandalous report has sometime since been circulated by John Schuneman of Catskill that the subscriber had been executed in Massachusetts Bay for the heinous crime of the murder and robbery of a collector on his way to Boston. Being fully convinced said report was only intended to injure me in my reputation, and industriously propagated without the least foundation in truth, I take this method to inform the Rev. John Schuneman (if he deserves such an appellation) that he is as notorious a liar as the report is false."

The dominie replies to this, "I peremptorily deny that I ever circulated any such report or have had any intention to injure the reputation of said V—— W——, but I would have wished that he had acted more prudent and investigated the fact before he, in so public a manner, had charged me as a notorious liar. What can or may be the intention of the said V—— W—— to have published the charge in the name aforesaid I must leave to himself and the public to judge, especially to those who are acquainted with me and my character and the character of the said V—— W——. It would be against my profession, and it is against my inclination, to revile to do evil because my fellow mortal has done so first."

At the first appearance of the accusing letter there was great excitement at Madison. John Person came into Martin Schuneman's tavern stamping the snow from his feet and settling himself comfortably in front of the fireplace. "Have you seen the Packet, Martin?" he said. "Not yet," was the reply. "What's the news?"

"Why, some rascal by the name of V—— W—— has shamefully accused your father of 'circulating scandalous reports' in regard to V—— W——'s having been executed for murder in Massachusetts Bay. He calls the dominie a notorious liar."

"That must be Teunis. He has no reputation to lose; and besides, if he is alive what need to prove he has not been executed."

"It is a shameful letter. Here, read it yourself?"

"Read it aloud, Schuneman," demanded several other interested listeners.

"It is a case of mistaken identity," said Martin. A man by that name was executed in Massachusetts Bay and no doubt my father has commented on the fact, but he is too well known about here for the letter to have much weight. However, if there is anything more of the kind I will have something to say."

The Packet's arrival was eagerly awaited each week, the dominie's reply noted, and much indignation when V—— W—— in another communication accused Schuneman of not being able to read or write English, refusing to admit the dominie's explanation and abusing him without mercy. Not receiving any reply, he again accuses him of being a willful liar and threatens him with "a legal tribunal."

"It is high time I put in a word," said Martin to his indignant neighbors. "The man is beneath my notice, but for the sake of the church I will show his character to the people."

Martin's reply to V—— W—— was an explanation of mistaken identity with a man of the same name, and then he proceeded to show that the slanderer "has no character to lose," ending with these words, "I could enumerate many more of your base deeds, but the above are sufficient to convince every discerning person of your character; and I stand ready to prove what I asserted when called upon in a legal way. If you see fit to publish any more notorious falsehoods, I shall take no further notice of you."

V—— W—— had the last word or words, for the following week he takes up a space of a column and a half in which "liar" often comes to the front. Here the controversy ends, and one wonders why, when the man was so very much alive and in evidence, he should be at so much pains to prove it.

Wilhelmus or William Schuneman, known as "the Bible man," son of the dominie, lived at Jefferson for many years and in 1839 built a brick house on William street, Catskill, dying there in 1851. It is said of him, "His doors were always open to the ministers of the Reformed Church. It was his delight to spend the day or evening seated before a blazing wood fire with his ministerial guest, each supplied with a long-stemmed pipe, discussing theology, foreordination, predestination and the decisions of the last session of Classis or Synod, both of which he always attended. The discussions were in the Dutch language, if his guest was familiar with it, but he did not lack for arguments if English was used."

Catherine, the only daughter of Dominie Schuneman, married Jacob Goetchius, who was the son of Johannes Goetchius, a native of Switzerland and emigrated to America in 1728, became pastor of the Reformed Church at Jamaica, L. I., Hackensack and Schralenburg. His first wife and mother of Jacob was Rachel Sobieski (Zabriskie), a lineal descendant of John Sobieski III.

The name Goetchius is well known in Jefferson and one of the descendants (George Goetchius) is still living there, while on Summit Hill lived for many years Peter Martin Goetchius and Sarah his wife.

A traveler says of Jefferson, "We passed through the village of Jefferson, an unfortunate name, enough to blast the crops upon the plain and drive the owls from the neighborhood. The Devil must have stood god-father at the christening. There are about twenty houses in this unfortunate village; of these, as might be expected from the name, about a quarter are taverns."

In 1819 the ravine on the southwest was made by the little stream that ran down to the lowland becoming a torrent during what was long known as the "big shower." "A chasm 125 feet wide, 100 feet in depth and 50 rods long" was made. "It rained five hours and the shower extended six miles square."

Abram Simmons lived at Jefferson for many years. "He was an amiable, quiet, unobtrusive man," who loved his church, taking his neighbors and his family every Sunday to the church at Leeds. The Palmatiers, who succeeded Peter Wey under the Kaleberg, were of French ancestry. Jean settled in Albany and his second son Peter,

who was born there, purchased the land east of the Kaleberg. One of his sons, Walter, made his home there, married Jane, a daughter of William Magilton, and afterward removed to Catskill. Abel was a Baptist clergyman. John married Angelica Salisbury and lived in Sandy Plains. Moses married Christina Salisbury and later was an elder in the Leeds church. His second wife was Nancy Puffer, the mother of Mrs. Cora Whitbeck of Catskill.

The last General Training Day was held on the farm of A. P. Jones. All able-bodied men were obliged to belong to the militia and this day was a holiday for all. It was attended by the families of the men, who brought their lunch and made a day of it.

In 1872 the Jefferson Rural Cemetery Association was organized. It was probably set apart as a burial place by William Schuneman and Henry Oothoudt, for it is said to have been "but a field" when Dominie Schuneman was buried there in 1794. Before 1872 Matthew Jackson and David Davenport gave additional ground, a picket fence was built by subscription and the help of John Kenyon, and a hedge of evergreens planted inside the fence. Then it was decided to put its upkeep on a business basis. Secretary S. Grosvenor Austin has recorded that "we do not propose to make an elaborate flower garden or park but a peaceful resting place for the bodies of our dead, and also to give to the living the assurance that when they are called to lay down the burdens and cares of this mortal life their remains will have perpetual care which will be altogether satisfactory because given by loving friends. This is the home of our dead and will always be cared for by the family remaining—that is, the Association." Sydney Castle was for many years the caretaker and always brought personal interest, care and common sense to the work.

Just off the highway at the foot of Salisbury Hill is an old road up and down which all those having business at "Hope Mill," as it was called, used to travel. It is a steep and rocky way, frequently narrowed to a path by landslides, but all along it one is rewarded by vistas of stream, valley and cliff. Once it was a good road over which many tons of rags and paper were drawn. At the foot is the ruin of a paper-mill—in 1800 that of Nathan Benjamin. Two houses are still standing and there are traces of a third, remains of what was once a flourishing industry. When the dam was up a beautiful sheet of water spread from shore to shore, with a wooded island, beyond which was water, black and deep, called "Still Pond."

Over the mill-pond and valley Eagle Rock still stands guard, a grim sentinel. The railroads of 1838 and '82 found footing along the banks of the Catskill which has furrowed a channel and washed bare the rocky palisades along its course, and here the boys of '38 after stealing rides used to jump off and help push the feeble engine.

The paper-mill was burned in 1807 (rebuilt the next year) and only some damaged paper, two press-screws and two tons of rags were saved. The fire company came up from Catskill, but too late to be of use. In consequence of this fire Nathan Benjamin was obliged to sell his "coachee, sleighs, harness and horses." The mill

was rebuilt by Abner and Russel Austin, who in 1816 dissolved partnership and the business was continued by Abner, whose warehouse and store stood at the foot of Salisbury Hill and now forms the home of Carlton Austin. The Austin family came to Jefferson in 1813.

About eighty years ago the father of Giles Sutton kept a hotel at the top of Haight's or Jefferson Hill. It was the only building in that vicinity. Often the hills were covered with cattle which were taken to the slaughter-house at The Point, where there were four beds, as they were called, and four beeves were killed at a time, one man knocking them in the head, others following to finish the job. The meat was shipped to market by sloops. Cold storage cars by which meat was shipped from the west put an end to this industry in Catskill. The rooms at the hotel were large, with four or five beds in each. Many drovers and men with butter and other products of the farm put up there while waiting for the boats to come in. Often the beds were full, while on the floor of the bar room and in the barns men were stretched out on blankets. It cost a shilling a meal for patrons. A thousand sheep in a drove was a common sight; often there were many more. Mr. Sutton remembered Judge Cook as wearing knee-breeches and silver buckles on his shoes. Bill Cook had two deer, who with uplifted head would watch the train go by, ready to wheel and bound across the flats should the strange animal turn in their direction.

In 1866 the "Catskill Agricultural and Historical Society" was formed with Addison P. Jones as president. 15 acres were purchased of John B. Foote and a half-mile track laid out, buildings put up and the first fair held in 1867—the last in 1874, "when interest began to decline." Theodore A. Cole and Edgar Russell were secretaries, and Jacob H. Meech was marshal; J. H. Bagley, jr., was treasurer throughout its existence. Jones & Bagley were associated in the grocery business at what is now Smith's grocery; the former became Senator, the latter Congressman, and they were prominent in the political field. P. V. R. Timmerman, clerk in the Jones & Bagley store, went into business for himself in 1884.

When quite young I went with my older sister to a private school kept by Gertrude DuBois, afterward the wife of Frank Salisbury, in a room over the woodshed of her mother's home in Jefferson, a house with gable end to the road, an open porch with benches on either side, but a few feet from the white paling fence. A narrow path bordered with rockets and sweet williams led to the woodshed. It was a long and dusty walk from the toll-gate farm. Our nearest neighbor on the south lived a half-mile away past Spooky Hollow, where my footsteps always quickened unless supported by numbers. On the top of the hill was a brown mile-stone, "3 miles to Catskill." The farmhouse of our neighbor was built against the hillside, with a double-decked piazza and standing cat-cornered with the road. There were weeping willows at the gate, tall lilac bushes screening the lawn from the road, a black walnut tree by the well, and a driveway close to the steps leading to the barns. Inside a winding stairway, pleasant homelike rooms, and the busy life of a larger

family. There was the English grandfather of whom memory recalls only a pleasant-faced, gray-haired man, seated in his arm-chair with cane by his side, and the rumbling of the carriages on the driveway as he is carried to his last resting place. The mistress of the house was a tall dignified woman, but gentle and sympathetic always. The master's place, to me was filled only by a picture on the wall which the children called father. Above stairs was Aunt Lidy, fair-haired and delicate, who spent much time upon her couch; Aunt Mary, of whom we were the least bit afraid but who had a kindly heart; there was Joe, the eldest son, a jolly good fellow who took upon himself many of the cares of a fatherless family; Frances, the eldest daughter, representing all that was good and proper in our sight; Matilda, always appreciating the funny side of life; and the youngest son, who longed for the time when he should be a full-fledged physician and dissect his fellow-man, but who follows the less painful calling of an Episcopal clergyman.



TOLL GATE FARM, SUSQUEHANNA TURNPIKE

Then there was my companion and playmate. One day we sailed our boats in the little stream that ran through the farm, and planned to come again to-morrow, but that to-morrow never came, for when I saw Agnes again it was in a darkened upper room where she lay white and still, unlike the playmate I knew, while the self-controlled mother stands by with quivering lip, for she knows the end is near. I go down the winding stairway and out into the sunshine and wonder how such things can be. After this the youngest daughter is my playmate, and it was she who helped me empty my mother's camphor-bottle by taking mouthful of the fiery stuff and with the well for a goal see which could hold it longest in her mouth. The wonder is we lived to tell the tale, for with each mouthful the remains of the liquid was washed down with water.

There was another family below the toll-gate, with eight chil-

dren, cousins of the first, where we often stopped on our way to Austin's mill-pond, where we skated, the younger ones joining in the sport. We used to go from there across the field down by the cave to the paper-mill, returning by the steep and rocky road which terminates on the state road by what was the Austin house, almost afraid to ask permission to warm our feet at the kitchen stove because of the scoured whiteness of the floor and the spick and span neatness of everything about the house. If the Austin girls, as they were called, ever felt dismayed as they saw our muddy overshoes, they did not protest beyond a mild request to wipe our feet outside the door. The fancy skating of the Priest boys who lived in the Glen was our great admiration, for they were unusually skillful skaters. Sometimes we skated on Magilton's Pond.

There was the modest brown house of Walter Palmatier set close to the Kaleberg and reached by a road from Jefferson along its base or by a short cut over the hill. The road led over a small bridge, overshadowed by a big tree to the (in summer) vine-covered porch, where, no matter how untimely your visit might be, you were sure of a smiling welcome. Of no other home are there such rich memories of self-forgetting hospitality.

Aunt Sarah Simmons lived in the former home of Abram Simmons on one corner of the square (burned down in 1913), shaded by horse chestnut trees, an old-fashioned knocker on the door, and always flowers and plants in the window. Of Uncle Peter I have only the faintest remembrance. To spend a day at Aunt Sarah's was one of the joys of life. I can hear the rattle of the knocker as the front door closed behind me, and see the pleasant living room where the members of the family gathered, the table piled with papers and books, of which there was always a-plenty; the bent form of Aunt Sarah in her low chair behind the stove, mending the numerous socks of the five boys, her hair combed smoothly down at each side of her sweetly patient face, ending in a curl behind each ear. It is not because of words she is fondly remembered, because they were few. She was just a home-loving woman doing her duty to her eight children without thought of reward. The eldest, Samuel had stepped into the father's place—quiet, well-read and capable; a man of sympathy and considerable humor but not over strong. In the kitchen or on the back porch was always a pet squirrel, a tame robin in a cage.

Occasionally we visited the home of William Salisbury, the genial elderly man we called "Uncle Bill;" his good wife, and Aunt Delia Allen of bright personality, a patient sufferer from rheumatism. Then there were the Stevenses and "Granny Simmons," the Warners, Comforts and Jacobies, the Pratts, Jenningses and Austins. The yearly visit of Aunt Gitty DuBois, the tailoress, was looked forward to with delight, for she had an unfailing fund of stories.

The house of A. C. Fancher, one of the oldest still standing in Jefferson, was built in 1814 by Joseph Allen, a retired sea captain, and afterward owned by William Pullman, an Englishman. For

thirty years it was the Jackson farm; then for short periods that of Seymour Winans and Captain Banks, and finally became known as the Robb house.

Thomas Jackson lived above the Salisbury House. He had a large family and at one time was commissioner of highways, and well known in the town. Where the late Salmon J. Mott lived for a number of years after removing from Leeds, was the toll-gate. Of those who have passed on in later years it was said of George Stevens, assistant editor of *The Recorder* and holding various positions of trust, "He was a man implicitly trusted in any position," a



HAIGHT AND ALLEN HOUSE (NOW DAVIS)

man "whose life was squared by the Golden Rule." His younger brother, Frederick, who remained on the farm, was one of the dependable citizens of Jefferson, and at his death mourned by a large circle of friends.

The Grant House keeps in memory A. J. Grant, under his and the Cornell's management known far and near as a first-class summer hotel, and for the beauty of its outlook. William Rider came to Jefferson from South Cairo and purchased the Babcock farm opposite A. P. Jones; later came the Pratts and Johnsons from Durham. Franklin Salisbury and his wife Gertrude DuBois lived at one time in the square house on his father's farm known as the "cheese-box." He was the genial good-hearted friend of all, long to be remembered.

The name Jefferson, in spite of the traveler's pessimistic views, has not blasted the place, which has grown to be a suburban village of considerable beauty minus the taverns. Its despised sandy lands yield abundantly, and a florist's home and business add to its attractiveness.

THE LANDING OR CATSKILL

AT the mouth of the Catskill, along DuBois Creek, when Hudson sailed up the river in 1609 was an Indian village, and the crew of the Half Moon was greeted by them with gifts of corn and squashes. The Long Dock did not then exist. Its eastern end was an island called Wanatonka, and excepting for the Indian village and their corn lands all was a wilderness. At the first bend of the little creek "is a mound said to have been the place where the arrow-heads and rude implements of agriculture of the Indians were fashioned into shapes," and on the opposite side of the Catskill and at Hop-o'-Nose were their burial places. "In the time of Isaac DuBois his slaves were buried at the latter place."

The flat lands were tilled by the squaws, and the waters of the Hudson and the Catskill with the forest beyond furnished abundance of fish and game. "These Indians were friends of the English" and did not enter into the wars of the Esopus Indians against the Dutch, because, it is said, "of an ancient treaty which was kept by both Indians and Dutch." They "paid tribute to the Iroquois."

Most of the Dutch pioneers in their search for vast estates passed by the Landing, which had all the advantages for a thriving village, set cornerwise between the Hudson and the Catskill, with the Hans Vosen Kill for good measure, but a few scattered settlers as early as 1651 made their homes there. Before this date one Uylen Spiegel lived for a time at the Hop-o'-Nose and left behind the names of Uylen-Spiegel's Kill, Uylen-Vly and Uylen-Hoek.

One Van Bronswyck (1651) "built a house one story high of timbers, with a huge stone chimney, and thatched with rushes, along the Catskill on the west; and about 1657 Jan Anderson, Andriesen, or Andreas de Yersman—Catskill's first Irishman—dealer in beer and spirits, lived there. Van Bronswyck died and Anderson married his widow. Three years later Anderson sold out to Eldert Gerbertsen Cruyf, "dealer in strong Albany ale," a sawyer by trade. He had a fine orchard and is also credited with a bull, fourteen cows, heifers and oxen; and (1663) "did good service in keeping the Indians quiet." He was known as "Eldert the thrower," for he could cast a stone a distance of a hundred yards. Falling into debt, his lands after passing through several hands finally came into the possession of William Loveridge, a hatter of Beverwyck. Andriesen (1664) was killed by Indians at Claverack, and his house burned. No trace of his wife and a negro slave was found.

William Loveridge (1682) added to his estate six thousand acres purchased of the Esopus Indians, of whom there were eight. Mahak-niminaw the sachem was away at the time, but was to receive two pieces of duffel and six cans of rum on his return. The older Loveridge died before the patent was granted, and it was given to his son William (1685), who lived along the Uylen Kill until his death in 1702. After the death of his wife it was divided among his five children: William, Waldron, Hannah, who married Gysbert Lane, Margaret, wife of Alexander McDowell, and Temperance, wife of William Van Orden.

Probably Alexander McDowell and his wife Margaret Loveridge

occupied the house at the Hop-o'-Nose, known as Lot No. 1, until it was purchased by Salmon DuBois in 1720. Nine years later, Benjamin the son of Salmon purchased Lot No. 2, of five hundred acres, of Gysbert Lane and Hannah Loveridge.

The price paid to the Indians (1684) for the land on the east or north side of the Catskill from "Boomptjes Hoek" to the little stream at the foot of the long hill known as "the Hans Vosen Kill" (John Fox's Creek) was one gun, two shirts, one kettle, two kegs of beer and a little rum. The buyer was Guysbert uyt den Bogaert (in plain English, Egbert Bogardus) who lived for twenty years in a house of logs thatched with rushes, near the Catskill, said to have stood back of Wm. L. DuBois's drug store.

Hans Vos, for whom the stream was named, lived in 1654 in a log cabin near the creek and was employed in killing game for the colonists. He was summoned to Fort Orange, fined five hundred guilders, and banished for three years, for selling rum to the Indians. He escaped from jail and on petition of himself and wife was afterward released from serving his sentence. His crime could not have been taken too seriously, for in 1661 he was appointed court messenger and deputy sheriff.

Bogart conveyed his land to his son-in-law, Helmer Janse, who left no heirs and his estate went to the province.

In 1741 it was agreed by John Lindsey of Cherry Valley and five men of whom "George Clarke, Lieut. Governor, was one," then owners of the tract, that a "road 66 feet wide should be laid out from the Hans Vosen Kill to the mouth of the Catskill." This road (Main street) was not laid out until 1773. It was near the creek, and according to the late Henry O. Limbrick the "road passed from the river along the old Stone Jug, then on to the Abeel house (where the Armory now stands), passing the Bogardus house back of Smith's Hotel, then on to the Meggs house, and from there as now. At the foot of Main street was a steep hill.

On the other side of the road was a hill as yet uncleared of trees, with small game of various kinds among the rocks and bushes. Thomson and Greene streets were wood-roads. At this time (1773) Johannes Van Gorden lived at the end of the road or Femmen Hoek.

In 1728 the name of DuBois came to the front at the Landing and old Catskill, although in 1660 it was known at Hurley and Esopus, firmly impressed on the minds of the settlers for many miles around, as the news was carried from home to home along the Hudson that the Indians (1663) had burned Hurley and carried the wife and three children of one Louis DuBois captive into the wilderness.

Way back in the middle ages they had been a family of nobility in Normandy. "Geoffrey DuBois, a Knight Banneret under William the Conqueror," and following him "seventeen of the line were designated as seigneurs and chevaliers." Chretien (Christian) of Wickers in the Department of Artois, Flanders, which became a portion of France, had two sons, Jacques and Louis. "Louis married Catherine Blansham of Germany." This was the Louis of Hurley,

the first elder of the Reformed Church at New Paltz, established 1683, and it was his grandson, Benjamin DuBois, who settled at Catskill on the Loveridge patent, having married (1721) Catherine Suylandt.

Benjamin DuBois and his family lived the simple life on the estate of 2,500 acres at the foot of a sunny hillside, where through swampy lands between them and the Hudson the Uyen Kill wound its way in graceful curves of smoothly flowing waters, while beyond the river lapped lazily along with now and then the white sails of some bird-like sloop to be seen, or the infrequent canoe of the Indian cut the waters as its skilled occupant pulled swiftly by, drew up at the "canoe place" or paddled up the Catskill to trade with the white men. In winter the river was a frozen desert over which the "post" carried the mail from New York to Albany at irregular intervals.

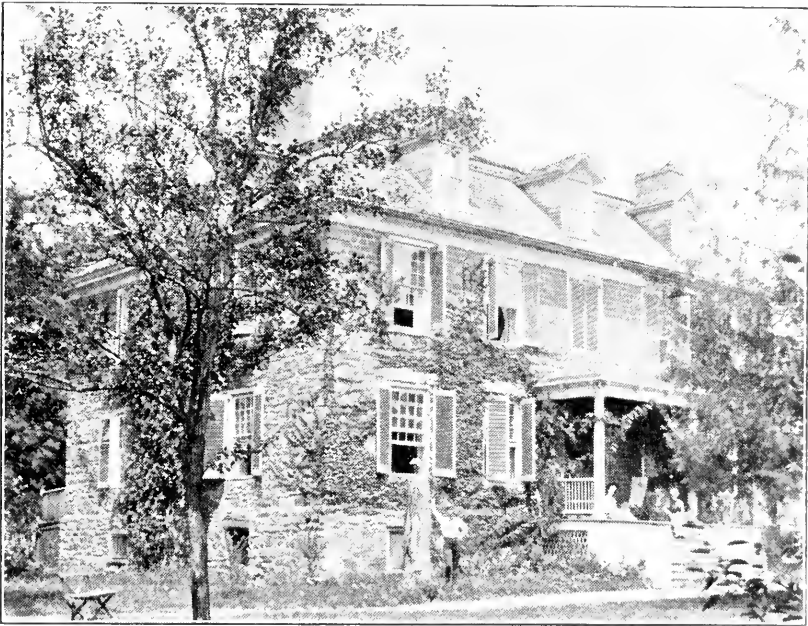
DuBois was a man of piety and became one of the founders and elders of the church at old Catskill, and assisted in building the Kaatsban Church, on which his initials, cut in the stone, can be seen to-day. At his death he was buried with great ceremony, like a gentleman. Isaac, his second son, became owner of the homestead at The Point, which in turn descended to his son John, who was four times married, the fourth wife, Catherine DuBois, by this marriage returning to the house of her birth, which her father Hubartus had exchanged with his brother Isaac. Catherine had been married twice before she became John's fourth wife and resumed her maiden name, and is said to have lived happily with her husband twenty-three years.

This John was no ordinary man. "Of indomitable will and courage, leader in the community, ruler in his family, his opinions and acts were always respected as founded on wisdom and justice. He was stern in demeanor and uncompromising, and none ever questioned or disputed his decisions." He lived in more style than his Dutch neighbors; is said "to have been tall in stature (over six feet), well proportioned and strongly built, impressive and commanding. He wore to the last knee-buckles, tight stockings and low shoes, the garb of a gentleman." Another John took his place, who married Rebecca Overbaugh—the parents of Frederick N., the well-known benefactor of the Catskill of to-day.

The early history of Frederick N. DuBois reads like a romance. He led a life of varied and exciting experiences in the gold and silver mines of the Rocky Mountains and elsewhere; was an "organizer and inventor," and finally returned to New York, where he perfected the valuable invention known as the DuBois Seamless Drawn Lead Trap, now generally in use. In 1851 he married Helen A. Riley of Canada, and in 1891 acquired the old homestead. His name stood for honesty and straightforward business methods.

In 1763 there was great excitement at the Landing. John Dies, English born, who had married Jane Goelet of New York, "daughter of a sworn translator of Dutch," was building a dwelling along the north bank of the Catskill near its mouth—a dwelling which to the more prudent Dutchmen seemed the limit of foolish-

ness. Rumor had it that Dies was a major in the British army, a deserter, and Catskill being sufficiently far away from New York to make it a comparatively safe refuge, he had chosen this beautiful spot for a home. Another rumor was that he was captain of a barque which made numerous journeys to the West Indies for cocoanuts, oranges and rum, but tradition insists that he fled to the garret whenever troops camped on the King's Road, or when transports dropped anchor off Boomp'tje's Hoek, where his wife carried his food to him and carefully locked the door behind her. The house was 55 feet by 45 feet, built of sandstone with corners of freestone brought from Nyack; its roof like the Hancock house in Boston. A



"OLD STONE JUG" OR MANSION OF MADAM DIES

huge chimney stood in the center, and around the fireplace in the southwestern room was Dutch tile representing scenes from the scriptures, one of which pictured Lazarus coming out of a tomb waving a Dutch flag.

The highway was near the door. Behind the house was a fine orchard, for which all the early settlers seem to have been noted, and five acres were laid out and beautified in a way which the Dutchmen considered a waste of time, money and good land, and they dubbed the whole "Dies' Folly." The Catskill ran before the door, its wooded shores untouched by man, with great oaks and maples on the opposite bank spreading their arms over the water and making dark, cool recesses; secluded spots where the deer and other wild animals came down to drink. The wrinkled nose of a

promitory nosing far out into deep water was washed by the tide, which, receding, left a pebbly beach on either side.

Jane Goelet Dies, the mistress, was held in respect by the vrouws of that region, who always called her "madam," for she could "read and write English well," which was a rare accomplishment in those days. In October, 1777, she "genteely entertained General Warren and his staff, and Ralph Cross of Massachusetts, colonel of the Essex regiment."

John Dies was a master hand at spending money, and when he could not find enough places to dispose of it in the wilderness he "amused himself skipping Mexican dollars across the Catskill." His father-in-law did not approve of his spendthrift ways and took care that he should not throw away his daughter's dollars after he (Goelet) has passed on, "for," he says in his will, "of his prudence I have no opinion." Their sons settled at Gilboa, the daughters, Catherine and Jane, married sons of Hubartus and Isaac DuBois. The "madam" died in 1799, and her obituary in the Catskill Packet says "her virtue, piety, benevolence and charity have been equaled by very few." Jane Dies lies in the burial place of the DuBoises nearly opposite her one-time home. The house was for years known as the "Stone Jug" and was destroyed to make way for a brick industry, also deceased.

Benjamin Fanning and Christina Dies were the parents of Dr. Nelson Fanning, a Catskill physician of high standing whose two daughters died recently within a few days of each other. Jane Dies was also the great-grandmother of the late Walton Van Loan, whose Catskill Mountain Guide is so well known and who claimed that his ancestor, Pietre Van Loan, came down the St. Lawrence in 1598, eleven years before Hudson, to "join his countryman at Fort Orange," and was therefore the first to discover the Hudson.

The home of Cornelius DuBois at the Landing was built in 1762 on the western bank of the Catskill. On the east was a broader and deeper Catskill than that of to-day, "for sloops sailed up it as far as the Vosen Kill," where there was a wharf. The opposite shore sloped upward to a hill rising a hundred feet. Little brooks ran down the hill, along which majestic pines and beautiful white oaks stood out among the scrubby growth of its rocky sides. At the foot of the hill were the orchard and corn-field of Bogardus. The smoke from the chimney of his brother along the Uyen Kill could be seen above the trees, and soon he was to see the orchards and the new and wonderful mansion of Madam Dies. By 1781 four or five houses and a store had been built.

It was late Autumn of 1781 that Cornelius, who had served as a colonel in the army, said to his family: "It is fitting that our neighbors should come together for public rejoicing over the surrender of Cornwallis. The turkies and the chickens are fattened, the hams are cured and the cider mellowed. Let us have a feast."

Next day messengers were dispatched to the settlers. It was a time never to be forgotten. They danced, sang and feasted, and took frequent sips of the flip and toddy from the bockjies (wooden

bowls). A Tory who had repented of his evil ways was among the guests, and to emphasize his repentance and prove his loyalty asked each neighbor to drink with him to America's success, until so full of toddy did he become that he "turned the bowl upside down upon his head, the liquor streaming down his face." The people were wild with joy. Dutch reserve was cast to the winds, and when even an elder in "good and regular standing" became too jubilant, the occasion was thought to justify the act. The slaves also had a part in the rejoicing, feasting and dancing in the kitchen.

Colonel DuBois was a faithful patriot and a generous man. His hospitality was unlimited, and many settlers from Schoharie and the Delaware found refuge in his home when driven out by Indians. Did any of his friends need money, it was given with a liberal hand as long as he had it to give.

In 1785 Garret Abeel's house was built where the Armory now stands. He was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for many years, and a prominent citizen.

In 1792 a four-page 9x14 weekly newspaper, *The Catskill Packet*, was edited by Mackay Croswell. It was printed on two sheets of coarse blue paper and cost ten shillings per annum. Its heading was a manless packet or sloop, flying the American flag between the words "Catskill" and "Packet." Thomas O'Hara Croswell, his brother, was associate editor and "made all the cuts." In the first issue was an advertisement of a runaway negro boy, and Mackay Croswell said his brother "Tom sat up shivering three cold nights to cut out that little nigger." Joseph Rundell was the advertiser of a runaway boy, Tunis Weatherworks, and the reward for his return to his master was "six pence and no charges paid."

This first issue predicts "peculiar benefits from the establishment of a press (if conducted properly) in this infant settlement: whose inhabitants from its fertility and particular advantages, are blessed with every source of human happiness but that of an easy access to useful information, which they have hitherto been destitute of, or obtained with difficulty." Its news from Paris is dated April 23d; that from New York, July 3d. Little space is given to local news. Outside or foreign news was doubtless what the settlers wanted, for local news would pass from house to house more quickly than the paper. Five lines tell of the completion of the stone bridge at Catskill (Leeds). Gideon Brockway & Bros. warn "those whom we have repeatedly requested to call and settle, that we now and for the last time in this way, call loudly," and insist on payment.

In the second issue is recorded the marriage of Major Augustine Provost, "of distinguished character and fortune, to the amiable Miss Anna Bogardus, daughter of Mr. Jacob Bogardus, merchant of this place." Horse-stealing seems to have been so common that an association was formed and ten persons appointed to pursue in every direction whenever a horse was stolen. A few months later "a sorrel horse with camel-like neck, all out of proportion," was advertised as strayed or stolen.

The year 1792 closed with a few cases of small pox in the

village, and the first month of the new year brought the death of Dr. Elisha Camp, who died of "a disorder of the lungs" at the age of forty-two, "leaving a widow and numerous family disconsolate" while the public "deplored the departure of a good and useful member of society." Mrs. Camp turned to tavern-keeping to support her family.

The winter and spring of 1793 was a time of marrying among the young ladies at the Landing. Sally, the daughter of Jacob Bogardus, married William Wetmore; Miss Poliana Street married Peter I. Bogardus, while Polly Raymond became the wife of Noah Everest, who advertised an assortment of goods in exchange for farm produce, "or even *cash* itself rather than disoblige customers."

In May a post route was established from Hudson through Catskill "to the painted post in Tioga; there to meet the Post from Reading, Pa." The Fourth of July was "more universally celebrated than ever before. * * * Perdition catch the man who would lessen the blessings we enjoy."

Three years later Dr. Croswell opened a drug store and became post master, holding the office fifty years. He married Ruth Pierce, born in 1765, a sister of John Pierce who was Paymaster General of our forces during the Revolution and of whom it has been said: "His heart was pure and his hands clean." The wife of John Pierce was the daughter of Dr. Baird, the medical attendant of Washington. Ruth witnessed the inauguration of Washington, and on a visit to New York was invited to take tea with his family. It was at the time when Washington was ill of quinsy and she heard Dr. Baird repeat the memorable words of the President when he came from the sick-room "with a grave and anxious face." She became the wife of Dr. Thomas O'Hara Croswell, and a year later a resident of Catskill. It was her sister Sally who opened the celebrated Litchfield seminary.

Mrs. Croswell was a quiet, unassuming yet tireless worker for the good of the community. She was practical yet sympathetic, unselfish, patient and straightforward. She established the first female prayer meeting, and amidst ridicule and reproach formed a "Woman's Temperance League against the custom of furnishing intoxicating cordials at afternoon tea, breaking up the custom." She left a deep impression upon the community, as was shown by her funeral services in the Presbyterian church, of which she was one of the first members: "A large number of relatives and friends, some coming long distances, and all the clergymen of the village, came to do her honor. All places of business were closed and the bells of all the churches tolled as she was borne to the cemetery. She passed away at the age of 96 years 10 months and 15 days, at the home of Mrs. Caroline Wey, her adopted daughter."

The twelfth birthday of The Recorder was celebrated by the editor, Mackay Croswell, taking his son into partnership, and a year later it was enlarged and improved. When Mackay Croswell retired from The Recorder he opened the village tavern, "which became noted for the excellency of its cuisine, hospitality and Fourth of July dinners." His daughter Jeanette, who was born

there, became the wife of Milton S. Vedder, who, dying a few years later, left her with one child, Harry M. C. Vedder. She became a teacher and is said to have been "an energetic, vigorous woman, kind to the poor." The tavern where she was born was the Catskill House, which stood on the site of the Mott & Gaylord Opera House, now occupied by the Daily Mail and various stores and offices.

While Mackay Croswell appealed to the head, his brother doctor attended to the physical needs of the people, combining energies on the paper until 1799, and in 1800 Harry Croswell became one of the editors. He was an intellectual giant who afterward became an Episcopal clergyman.

The drug store of William DuBois is the old store of 1795 of Dr. Thomas O'Hara Croswell, and Dr. Brace his successor. William H. Wey married Dr. Croswell's adopted daughter and continued the business until his death, then Benjamin Wey kept it alone, having a partner for one year—Edward Lavelle. For thirteen years it was Wey and DuBois.

Dr. Croswell was the "Uncle Doctor" of Catskill, and Dr. Abel Brace studied with him, became partner and succeeded him, "not only in business but in the love of the community." For sixty years a citizen, "one of the landmarks of a generation now passed away."

Harmony Lodge was the first Masonic association in Catskill, instituted in 1794. Among the first members was Samuel Haight, merchant and Brigadier General. Thomas Thomson, a great man who went to West Indies accompanied by two slaves, Josephus and Caesar, came home broken in health, a suspected leper, never going out without his head swathed in bandages. His mysterious West Indian experiences were never revealed by him or his faithful slaves. His mansion which he built was afterward the home of Thomas Cole. "He caused a vault to be built near his house, but later it was torn down and he rests in the village cemetery."

John Van der Speigle Scott was an able lawyer and politician respected by all. He was also Judge of Greene County. As a hobby he turned to horticulture and gained a reputation for raising choice fruits and vegetables which he sometimes protected from youngsters with a gun. It is recorded of Stephen and Ira Day that "they lived lives unblamable." Stephen Day "exchanged wares of Eastern Colonies and imports from West Indies for the grain of the farmers and dairy products of their vronws." Before many years he became Judge Day. "By Captain Hale housewives used to set their clocks."

When the house of Thomas Botsford on the corner of Main and Thomson streets was built the attic became the home of Harmony Lodge. It was occupied in 1818 by Catskill Lodge, but "many of the old members joined the new association." This association is "thought to have continued until 1827, the time of anti-masonic excitement. Its charter was signed by DeWitt Clinton. Catskill Lodge No. 486 was organized in 1859. Catskill had a Mechanical Society in 1807, and in 1816 Hendrick Hudson Lodge I. O. O. F. came into existence. The many other fraternities and associations of which Catskill is possessed came later.

It was some time between 1795 and 1797 that Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt on a tour through the United States visited Catskill, the guest of Jacobus Bogardus, "an American Loyalist and son-in-law of Major Provost," who had purchased the house and lands of Cornelius DuBois. Catskill was in a transition state. It had outgrown its infant beauty of untouched forest and uncommercialized stream. Like a growing child, at first the ways of the world but added grace—the white winged sloops that sailed up the Catskill, the log cabins and log fences, the ox-teams and the wood-roads had something of beauty, but as time passed it grew ungainly, the roads in spring hub-deep with mud, the houses set here and there with little beauty or symmetry. To its inhabitants was added the undesirable element always following on the trail of a new town. The country, too, was growing up; the big estates had been divided among the numerous sons of the pioneers, and were now being subdivided among their grandsons. At first everything necessary for use "except tea and spices was raised on the farm;" now there was a growing commercial give-and-take between them and the villages and distant cities. The duke in his description, printed in London in 1799, shows up both shadows and high lights, his observations colored by the prejudices of his Loyalist host, who was not in favor with his Dutch neighbors.

The duke found the cultivation of the soil indifferent—12 bushels of wheat to the acre, excepting that of his host, which reached 35 bushels. He speaks of an unusual event, the "sinking or sliding of a hill one hundred feet above the Catskill, on Mr. Bogardus's estate, which fell fifty feet so perpendicularly that a flock of sheep feeding on the spot went down without being overturned, and the trees still stood upright at the bottom of the chasm, the whole about four acres in extent." He says, "The people attribute it to the operation of water without well knowing why, for the people of Catskill are neither deep read nor versed in natural philosophy, nor addicted to observation. Mr. Bogardus does not bestow on his neighbors a favorable character. * * * He describes them as mischievous and thievish," and the fact that a bridge across a stream had recently been burned confirmed him in that opinion.

"Horse races are common. Workmen receive 13 dollars a month, and beef sold at 8c. a pound. The property upon which the town stands is disputed by three claimants, but the lots bring a good price and are sold as high as 375 dollars." The duke was the guest of Mr. Bogardus for several days, and slept in the southwest corner room of what is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Palmatier.

In the summer of 1797 Thomson and Grant established "a ferry across the North River at Catskill Landing with good, new, safe boats," and it was "hoped that no person will be induced in the future to lose several miles of travel by crossing at Hudson, as the price is here set at the same rate. Constant attendance will be given at the sign of the ferry landing, near Caleb Street's white house on the corner."

The winter of 1799 was severe, the river breaking up the last

of March after having been closed for four months, and flocks and herds suffered from want of fodder. In 1800 subscriptions to the Susquehanna Turnpike were open, the Commissioners being Henry Livingston of Ancram, Stephen Day, George Hale, Garret Abeel, Samuel Haight, Caleb Benton and Martin Schuneman of Catskill, Salmon Wattles of Franklyn, Solomon Martin of Unadilla.

A mail route was established (1800) from Hudson through Catskill to Owego. In August Beman Brockway and James Bennet advertised for twenty laboring men, five yoke of oxen, carts, etc., to work on the Susquehanna Turnpike. By the middle of August "2,500 shares had been taken and some distance laid out."

In September Capt. Christopher Hill of the ship *Sophia* died on passage from Charleston to New York, of fever. Soon the mail service moved up a peg and ran twice a week between Hudson and Catskill; Mr. Joshua Whitney the contractor.

The progress of the new turnpike called forth the following article in the *Western Constellation*: "The rapidity with which



STONE BRIDGE ON SUSQUEHANNA TURNPIKE AT DURHAM

the turnpike road from Salisbury, on the Connecticut, to Wattles Ferry is progressing, exceeds anything of the nature heretofore known, and is at once an evidence of the wealth and public spirit of the inhabitants living on the road, and also of the immense travel through Catskill to and from the western counties of the state. Notwithstanding the recent date of the act for establishing the corporation, such has been the vigilance of the gentlemen appointed to carry it into effect, that the distance of 27 miles, on the west side of the Hudson river, will be made in the present and forepart of the next season, 7 miles of which is now nearly completed."

"Proposals have also been received by the directors, who are about to make contracts for finishing the road on the east side of the

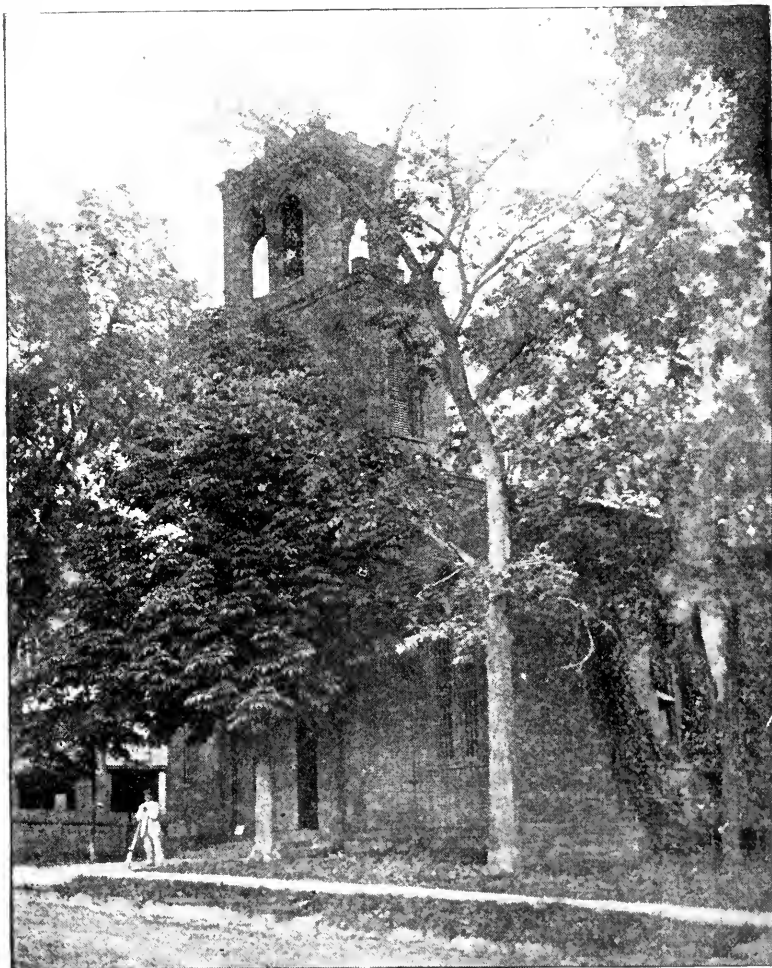
river, to Salisbury line, the next summer, which is about the distance of 30 miles: so that there is the fairest prospect of having miles completed within 15 months of the passing of the act. The shares in the above road have hitherto been chiefly taken up by gentlemen residing in Catskill and its vicinity, from whose spirited exertions the road will undoubtedly be completed much sooner than was contemplated by the Legislature."

In 1801 Crosswell notes "with pleasure the growth in population, and the flattering prospects of Catskill Landing." "In the year 1792," he says, "the village contained but ten buildings: a coasting sloop of 50 or 60 tons burthen, was then the only vessel owned in the place, and this was more than sufficient to transport to New York, all the produce brought to market—no more than 624 bushels of wheat was purchased in the course of the year, during which time upwards of 700 bushels of corn was brought from New York and other places for the subsistence of the inhabitants at the westward, until their crops should come in. Now (1801) Catskill contains 156 buildings, two ships, and one schooner engaged in foreign trade, are owned here, besides 8 coasting sloops of 70 to 100 tons burthen, which are constantly employed in transporting the produce of the country to New York and the sea ports. Shipping to the amount of \$37,000 was built here the season past." In 1792 there was brought to market 624 bushels of wheat, and in 1800 it had increased to 46,164 bushels. The prospect for 1801 is proportionately much greater, as in one day last week the quantity of wheat taken by the merchants of the place amounted to 4108 bushels, and upward of 800 loaded sleighs entered the village on that day by the great western roads. The number from other quarters is not precisely known but was probably somewhat less. * * * Much more rapid growth may be calculated upon." That year the ice broke up in the creek and river the last week in April.

In 1802 the pride of Catskill was the new drawbridge, so much of a curiosity that people came miles to see it. It was opened with great ceremony. The fee for foot passengers was three cents, and of the bridge-tenders "Old Batterson" tapped the pockets of the passers-by, knocking off their hats when they refused to pay, and Zacharias Dederick "tapped while they waited" the boots and shoes of the people in a little building at the end of the bridge.

In 1800 the Catskill Academy (Union Hall) was incorporated by Regency and progressed beyond expectation, "inferior to none in the state in usefulness." Mr. Bradford, the principal, was an Episcopal clergyman who obtained his education at Oxford, Eng., and was "chosen for religious and moral influence as well as education." Mr. Wyman was the English teacher, who was a "good grammarian and complete master of vulgar arithmetic and penmanship," and French was taught by "a foreigner who speaks and pronounces it with purity." Quarterly examinations and public exercises were given to fit the pupils for college, and the trustees were a visiting committee. Board could be had "in good families and as reasonable, it is presumed, as at any other place whatever."

Henry Brace says in 1865 that at least fifty years before the village school stood southeast of the Court House not far from a grove called The Cedars; * * * the Academy on what is now Thomson street, convenient to Peter Bogardus's apple orchard. It was one-half brick and one-half wood, with the only bell in town except the Court House. The academy bell called St. Luke's, and



OLD ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, VACATED IN 1891

the Court House bell the Presbyterian congregation to worship. For a long time they were called the "big and little bell." After a time the village school became too sectarian, the Academy too promiscuous in character, and another institution came into being.

known as "Captain Van Loan's School," taught by Robert K. Moulton, who in 1818 was at Madison. Catskill has always believed in education. A Botanical School, Lancasterian, Classical, an Infant School with 250 pupils (1830), African Free School, a French class with Mons. Roux as teacher, and a Female Seminary at the Old Stone Jug are among its institutions. At the Academy in 1807 "fully 1000 people were present at the entertainment given by the pupils."

"St. Luke's Parish was founded in 1801, its church built in 1804 under Rev. Richard Bradford, and its first rector Rev. Ami Rogers." Among its first members were Haight, Benton, Scott, Blanchard, Beach, Donnely, Pinckney, DuBois, Bogardus, Croswell, Van Loan, Calkins, Selleck, Doan, Hinman, Waight, Donnely, Chollet,



VALLEY OF THE CATSKILL FROM FOOT OF HAIGHT'S HILL

Chandler and Nichols. "The first church was of wood and had a steeple. The Rev. Mr. Prentiss, in 1818 and for twenty-one years its rector, was killed by the overturning of a stage near his residence."

In 1839 the church was destroyed by fire, and almost immediately a new edifice was begun on the site of the old and was "built after plans drawn by Thomas Cole." Again the church was greatly damaged by fire and was then enlarged, galleries taken out and a recess chancel put in. In 1894 the church on the hill was built, a modern solid sanctuary of stone, beside it the rectory, and the old church has become a motor repair shop.

Rev. Louis L. Noble, one time rector of this church, was the pastor and friend of the artist, Thomas Cole, who in some measure belongs to Catskill. Cole was born in England, "his father an unsuccessful woolen manufacturer," and Thomas, resisting the attempts of the family to make of him either an attorney or an iron manufacturer, trod the thorny path of an artist without sufficient means of support. Later, in America, he made such friends as Morse, Durand, Lunman and other well known artists, and "1826 found him up the Hudson, writing poems and painting scenes of the Catskill Mountains." In 1836 he gave to the public the "Course of Empire." His life as written by Noble is well worth reading.

Following St. Luke's, a Baptist Church was organized in the



ONE OF ARTIST COLE'S INSPIRATIONS

village (1803) "at the home of Deacon Hill." Its members numbered seven faithful souls: Rev. Truman Beeman, Brethren Hiland Hill, Penn Parish, David Johnson; with Mrs. Keturah Hill, Ruth Drake and Betsy Parish," and it is said, "As anciently the ark abode for a season in the house of Obed Edom, this Church for twenty years tarried in the house of Deacon Hill. Sometimes it met in the village schoolhouse or in the Court House." Mrs. Keturah Hill was the first to be immersed. In 1823 they had their own house of worship. Three times their church home has been burned, and they are now worshipping in the fourth, described at the time of its dedication as a "beautiful Gothic structure of graceful proportions.

its seats of a generous height of back and breadth of cushion. The dedication sermon was solid gold, 22 carats fine. It was preached by the Rev. Dr. Dowling, a man of generous proportions, physically as well as mentally, a pastor of forty years ago. His reminiscences of the olden days were beautiful and touching."

The Presbyterian Church from its organization in 1803 has been known as Christ's Church of Catskill. From the first its members included "several wealthy and public spirited men." Its first services were held in the Court House, and Rev. David Porter was its first established pastor, who for ten months served in the Revolutionary Army. He is said to have had "great wisdom, dignity, simplicity and power—their leader for nearly twenty-eight years. Samuel Penfield, who was a firm friend of Dr. Porter, died the same day and hour. In 1808 began the building of the church. It had square family box pews, galleries and high pulpit. Thirty years later all this was changed, and in 1858 the exterior "needed painting; there was no porch, and above the doors, which had iron handles and latches, were arched fan-lights." When the church was built there was no street running from Bridge (or Court) street to William street, hence the approach from Main. Six pastors in 119 years has been its wonderful record.

The Methodist Episcopal Church had its beginnings about 1815, when there was preaching in the Court House. Its first building was put up in 1824 on the north side of Thomson street. The present church of 1863 was modeled after the Methodist Church at Flushing, L. I., and was dedicated by Bishop Simpson in 1864. The names of such men as Alfred Foote (who came to Catskill in 1836) and Benjamin Wiltse (three years later), with others of like prominence, active in the church, have been closely identified with it. At first it was part of a circuit embracing Cocksackie, Coeymans, Leeds, Sandy Plains, High Hill, Aera, Woodstock and Durham, but now and for many years has been an independent and flourishing church organization.

St. Patrick's Church was first established in 1853 or 1854, through Rev. Father Howard of Hudson. The first resident priest was Rev. Father Myers. Under Rev. Father William J. Finneran the present church was built, and afterward the parochial school. He was frail in body but strong in spirit, soon called to lay down the work, which was taken by Rev. Father Fitzgerald, and now there is a fine church property consisting of church, rectory, Sisters' home and school.

Of the newspapers of Catskill, The Packet was born and grew up with the business of the village. Its first issue was that of Aug. 6, 1792, published by Mackay Croswell and Company, the "company" being his brother, the first physician of the place. It was printed under various titles and editors until in 1861 J. B. Hall assumed publication, its name Recorder and Democrat settling down to that of The Recorder in 1871.

The Catskill Messenger was established in 1830 by Ira DuBois, and after passing through various hands became the Greene County

Whig under Trowbridge & Gunn, and in 1857 published by Marcus H. Trowbridge; after his death, by Mrs. Trowbridge and Eugene Wayne, since then under the Craigies.

The Daily Mail—or Catskill Morning Mail—was started in 1879 by John D. Smith, proved successful and is now owned and edited by M. Edw. Silberstein.

The Catskill Enterprise, established in 1898 by F. A. Galt, his sons and daughter associated with him, is still on the job at West Catskill.

A number of weeklies that sprang up from time to time have been absorbed by The Recorder or died a natural death.

Court was first held in the Academy building, and the Academy and grounds were purchased in 1801. Three years later the jail was built, and a Court House in 1812 (now the Masonic Temple). Four executions have taken place at the jail. Catskill's first cemetery was on the corner of Broad and Livingston streets, the present one laid out in 1812. It has been enlarged three times. Dr. Lee Ensign, who was prominent in enlarging and beautifying it in 1848, was the first to be buried there. The Catskill Bank is one of the oldest institutions in Catskill, incorporated in 1813; the Tanners in 1831, and the Savings Bank in 1868.

Monday, May 14, 1804, the Packet or Western Constellation became the Catskill Recorder, and the editor pledges himself that "although his politics are decidedly and unalterably Federal, yet any essay from those opposed to him in politics, shall be cheerfully inserted, and the name of the author ever remain an inviolable secret. But, as he is the only responsible person, he must reserve to himself the right of rejecting whatever in its nature is libelous or foul and indecent. Not a column of this paper shall be soiled by personalities and scurrility."

Under the signature of "Mundities" there is a plea for cleanliness in the village of Catskill, "where every family manages in its own way; and its own way is frequently the way of filth and uncleanness. It is impossible to walk on our streets without a salute of the most nauseous scent every few paces, from putrid fish and other impurities. Yellow fever and every other deadly disease lurks about very many kitchens, docks and yards. By due attention to cleanliness this would undoubtedly be one of the most healthful villages in the state; a pure breeze from the river, no stagnant water in the neighborhood, the free current of the Catskill creek, and every other natural advantage, almost force the inhabitants to be healthy in spite of their negligence."

In 1804 a hundred-foot dock was built "along the channel or the Hudson River, from end of long wharf at Boomtjes Hook." Catskill then had a Mechanic Society, and a Library Society (with 672 volumes in 1803). On Oct. 10, 1804, snow fell to the depth of from twelve to eighteen inches.

A fire engine was purchased in 1805, and the trustees ordered all owners of houses, stores and workshops to provide good and sufficient leather buckets. The printer reminds a reader or readers that

"late last fall a wheelbarrow of about middling size, somewhat disordered in the legs, rather rheumatic in its arms and shoulders, and a little rickety in the head, absconded." Ezra Rundall, who accused Samuel Haight of cheating him out of some property, two weeks later retracts his "revilery, which I find to be contrary to the word of God, which I publicly confess."

A general review of the militia in November called forth praise for the "Independent Blues," who "displayed a martial appearance and thorough knowledge of military tactics (prompt, accurate and steady discipline").

The gaoler protests against being forced "personally to provide for debtors or to divest himself of humanity and see his fellow-man suffer." He believes "it is only necessary to remind his fellow-citizens of conditions," etc. His appeal was answered by a call to citizens to meet at Donnely's Inn to "form a humane society for the relief of debtors confined in gaol and destitute of means of sustenance and of firewood." Another event was a stage run by Abner Miller on Tuesdays from Catskill to Athens and back.

In 1806 nine by-laws were adopted by the Village of Catskill, which in effect prohibited slaughtering of animals within the village limits, the "running at large to exceed 48 hours of unyoked and unrun swine, or of geese or ducks within the compact part of the village," for obstructing the street, neglecting to remove anything contrary to good health, for all of which fines were imposed, and also for willfully running or galloping a horse or horses through street or alley; and one dollar to be paid "by an inhabitant of the village who shall spend his time during the Sabbath at tavern or grocery and there purchase or drink any liquor on the Sabbath, or shall angle with hook or line or fish with nets in any creek, or shall swim or bathe in any creek or river within the limits of the village on the Sabbath." If horse or horses ran away through street or alley then the owner should "forfeit two dollars."

In September, 1806, at the time when most old inhabitants look for a "line storm," the skies grew black and there were signs of an electric shower. Darker and darker grew the sky, there were mutterings of thunder, and the inhabitants hurried indoors. It was "a tremendous storm of rain, hail, thunder and lightning, with hail-stones the size of a musket-ball." Window-panes were broken and much damage done. "The house of John R. Hollenbeck at the ferry opposite Catskill had over 150 panes of glass broken in its windows," and the hail-stones were said to be "nearly the size of hen's eggs."

In 1807 the sum of \$1,500 was collected for sidewalks, and \$500 for sewers, and a thousand loads of flagging stone advertised for, while to the other ordinances was added \$5 fine "for any person whose chimney shall take fire or set on fire." On the 24th of February the ice in the river was still very thick.

Catskill was struggling upward in many ways, but an "Enemy to Bad Roads" complains to the editor of *The Recorder* that "the road through Catskill is notoriously bad. The corporation formed

the year before took the repairing of the road from John E. Darby either by contract or by force as far as the corporation extended, * * * have worked where it wanted it least, and left it worse than they found it. * * * many places almost impassable; sometimes one wheel down in a hole, sometimes another. Owing to proprietors of aqueducts leaving taps of pen-stocks in a situation that water continually running from them causes a complete reservoir, which is very convenient and without expense, consequently scarcely a house in the street but may have a bathing place, a convenience I never knew in any other place."

In 1807 there was a "call to the Court House to take into consideration the late National insult offered Americans by the British flag, and to adopt such measures as the magnitude of the injury, and our means may demand." Later "Captain Haight's Company of Union Volunteers unanimously tendered their service to Brigadier General Brown, as part of the quota of 102 men to be detached from the brigade." A few weeks later the Union Volunteers were ordered "to meet at Francis Botsford's completely equipped for action," by John Merrifield, Orderly Sergeant.

The "33d anniversary of American Independence" was celebrated in an "excessive rain, and party feelings were discarded. All were anxious to do honor to themselves, to the day and the occasion." A morning gun was fired, the bells rung and reveille beaten at sunrise with a salute of 17 guns. At 12 o'clock the procession—formed of Haight's and Lacy's volunteer companies, civil authorities, clergy, band, orator and citizens, preceded by an old field piece—moved to the new meeting house, where prayer was made by Rev. Mr. Reed, Declaration read by Mr. Dorlan, and an elegant address made by Cantine. Dinner was provided at Mr. Botsford's, that being the principal tavern at that time. "Colonel Samuel Haight was the presiding president, Garret Abeel and Patrick Hamilton, vice-presidents." 17 toasts were given "under discharge of cannon."

In 1807 there was much talk of the boat Robert Fulton had built to run by steam and travel at the tremendous rate of four miles an hour. One day the news went 'round the village that a curious vessel without a sail was sighted. Could it be Fulton's invention? Then Boomptjes Hoeck was still an island, and "several boys, among them Thurlow Weed, put their clothes on a board," and pushing it before them, swam out to the island to see "the devil and his saw-mill go by." Next year the boat was enlarged and improved and the fare from Catskill including berth and meals was \$5. When other steamboats took their place on the river, then followed racing and accidents and there were many protests. So eager were the captains to beat their rivals that insufficient time was given to taking on passengers and sometimes they were "precipitated in the water and drowned." Occasionally a boiler burst or the boat took fire. The Long Dock was filled in in 1820.

One hundred and thirteen years ago if you wished to take one of the steamboats Car of Neptune, Paragon or North River from Cats-

kill when the wind was blowing hard, you must be on time to set a "signal or come off in a boat." At that time the Catskill ferry was so efficient that, "in the short space of two hours it conveyed from the west to the eastern shore of the North River (Hudson), 100 fat cattle, 3 wagons, 11 horses, with their drivers and riders and sundry footmen; and this at a time when there was much ice a-floating the river, and the wind and tide by no means as favorable as at many other times."

The first ferryboat that is remembered was that of Henry Van Gorden, "a scow with mast and sail on one side" to be used when the wind blew. In calm weather two long oars were used, and another at the stern for steering. Before 1851 the scow was propelled by four horses, two on each side, and if the wind were blowing it was just a matter of luck how near it came to the landing on the other side.

In 1809 J. Pinckney advertises a house on Main street, two shares in Christ's Church, and "in the village may be had (appurtenanced with an expectancy) a few books, if those who have borrowed should be good enough to return them."

There was an interesting controversy between *The Eagle*, a paper printed by Nathan Elliott, and Mr. Cantine, in which neither side seems to hesitate in expressing his opinion without reservation. Mr. Cantine calls *The Eagle* "a sink of corruption, judging by its contents, edited by the devil's own imps." *The Eagle*, although ably supported, gets the worst of the argument. Another communication is in the form of an advertisement, "A New Patent Machine For Sale at the Sign of the Eagle. This machine manufactures lies with wonderful facility * * * and requires no raw material to support it." For a month or more the controversy rages, apparently getting nowhere, and then no further mention is made of it; probably it has no more significance than to show that human nature and editors of different political faith were the same then as now.

Charges against Judge Cook in *The Eagle* are proved "untrue and a scandal" by witnesses and by a printed statement of T. B. and A. Cook's account with Joseph Graham, and war between the two political parties waxes hot, but a "Greene County Farmer" says, "Finally, brethren, be of good cheer and be not dismayed by a multiplicity of opinions abroad in the world, nor suffer yourselves to be discouraged from coming to the field of action."

At midnight one day in April of 1810 the little village was roused from sleep by the ringing of the fire-bells, which always struck terror to every heart. It proved to be the shop of Cornelius Clark, hatter, near the center of the village. It was "only by the greatest exertion of men and women that the village was saved."

After a time (1814) the young men, tired of the political bickerings of their elders, asserted themselves by expressing their views as follows: "The young men of Catskill, viewing with regret the baneful effects of party spirit and the influence it has upon the minds of some men, insomuch that they refuse to unite with others of

different political opinions, * * * appointed a committee of arrangements for the proper celebration of Independence Day." The committee was composed of C. DuBois, J. Bogardus, jr., E. Croswell, C. C. Abeel, H. Baker, W. W. Van Loan, J. DuBois, S. G. Andrews and C. Baker. This decided step had a good effect, for it is said the "anniversary of Independence Day was celebrated by different parties in splendid style," and also that the "day was spent in good order and perfect harmony," and "at Cairo without distinction of party."

In August the "drafted militia, commanded by Colonel Merchant Lawrence, were ordered to rendezvous at Van Bergen's Coffee House in Catskill with 4 days provision, ready cooked, clothing for 3 months service, equipped with musket, bayonette, cartridge box, or rifle and rifle pouch, knapsack, blanket and canteen." John A. Overbaugh was the Commandant. "200 fine healthy looking young men obeyed the order, rendezvoused and marched for embarkation, cheerfully leaving home for the fatigues of campaign at call of duty, accompanied by a numerous concourse of citizens who saluted them with a discharge of cannon and hearty cheers. God grant them health and safe return." Subscriptions were taken up for the "relief of needy families whose heads were performing military duty for the defence of New York," and \$300 were raised at Madison for the men from that village. In September a regiment from Durham rendezvoused in Catskill and the same day sailed for New York.

On February 8, 1815, at 5 p. m. an extra was printed with the heading, "Glorious News from New Orleans! Defeat of the British Army!" A week later the heading was "Peace! Language would fail to describe the animated faces, the joyous and exhilarated hearts that were exhibited on this happy occasion. The national salute was fired yesterday afternoon, and every village brilliantly illuminated."

The people of the Reformed faith in Catskill and the Imbogh attended services at Old Catskill and Madison, with perhaps occasional meetings at the Landing, until 1810, when in Rev. Henry Ostrander's call it was stipulated he should preach in the English language at the Landing. This he did on Sunday afternoons during the summer months. Following him came Rev. Peter S. Wynkoop, and half his services were devoted to the Landing. This continued during Rev. Isaac N. Wyckoff's pastorate, although later, as the congregation grew, they had preaching on alternate Sunday mornings. During this time they worshiped either in the Episcopal Church or the Court House. In 1828 a church was built with gallery on three sides and Consistory room over the vestibule. Three years later came a great revival, when "more than a hundred joined the church" and the mother church decided a colleague should be called, that preaching might be more frequent in Madison, Catskill and Kiskatom. This was done and John C. Van Liew was chosen for the work.

In 1833 Catskill charge separated from the Church at Leeds. After Wyckoff came James Romyn, "eloquent and gifted with a

powerful intellect but a frail body." The notes of his sermons were written in beautiful but so fine handwriting as to require a reading glass for ordinary eyes to decipher. In 1851, when fire swept Catskill, the church was burned, but, not discouraged by this misfortune, in eighteen months the present edifice was built, "larger and more commodious than the first." Rev. Acmon Van Giesen was the first pastor in the new church. Among its worthy and inspiring pastors was Rev. Dr. Murdock, the author of "The Dutch Dominion of the Catskills," the hero of which is Rev. Johannes Schuneman. "During the revival of 1857, when 8 o'clock prayer meeting was kept up nearly a year, summer and winter," the bell was rung and the fire built by this white-haired pastor nearly sixty years of age.

It was in 1824 that the Marquis de Lafayette was to visit Catskill and great preparations were made for his reception. A triumphal arch was prepared through which the procession would pass, and an eagle was very much desired to surmount it. Fortunately one chose that day to alight on a big tree along the Snake Road and opposite what is now O. T. Heath's residence. Someone from Jefferson brought it down with a gun, and the eagle to the delight of everybody was mounted on top of the arch. The children of the village of Catskill raised \$150, making Lafayette a member of the American Bible Society. "He returned kind acknowledgement of the honor done him." The distinguished visitor occupied a stage driven by Erastus Beach.

Next year there was much talk of constructing a canal "from Catskill Landing to the headwaters of the creek, and from there along some eligible route to connect with the Erie Canal." This project was abandoned, and when several years later the railroad was talked of those who had proposed the canal favored the railroad as likely to be of great benefit to Catskill.

About this time Sabbath-breaking became a problem to be dealt with. An article headed "Friends of the Sabbath, Attend," appeared in the paper and read, "An increasing amount of carting on the Sabbath along the great road offends every friend of morality. Will no man remonstrate? Will no Christian step forward and incur the trouble and the administration of employing moral, and (if necessary) legal restraint?" It is then suggested that "a cordon of resolved men form a chain of observation from Catskill to Durham and Windham, and stop loaded wagons (and perhaps the stage)." Volunteers were to notify "Deacon Chapman, Durham, Bennet Osborne of Windham, Dr. Huntington of Cairo, M. G. Van Vliet of Madison, Luke Kiersted of Jefferson, and Francis Sayers of Catskill, who will give the names to Rev. Dr. Porter. * * * It is no time for Christians to sleep, when the laws of God and their country are trodden under foot."

Then, as if this problem were not enough to discourage the people, along comes Main street. "At a village meeting the commissioners appointed to enquire into the expediency of a plan to "McAdamize" Main street, reported in favor of scraping off the mud

in the spring and doctoring up the street in the old way. Motives of economy and an opinion that we have no right to tax posterity, were the grounds upon which the proposition was rejected. * * It is melancholy enough to reflect that we are to be still exposed to the danger of drowning at every crossway in our streets, as soon as a shower can furnish enough of the limpid element to raise the mire.

What seas of mud --what seas of mud

Flow in our dirty streets!

The very hogs come from their hogs

To revel in the sweets.

We wish there was a steamboat here—

We'd set the steam a-going,

And if she would not stem the tide,

We'd get along by rowing.

* * * Let the citizens try their present policy about twenty years longer, and posterity will thank them amazingly for their kindness in refusing to tax them."

In 1829 Trowbridge had a candle-factory, and Kendall the baker advertised "Sal-ratus" as a new article in making biscuit and bread—"better than pearl ash. Families are invited to call and see its operations. All necessary directions given gratis." This year Henry Ashley died, "One of the earliest inhabitants, the noblest work of God—an honest man." Horace Willard was the jeweler of early date, and C. S. Willard became the leading one of this section, followed by his brother-in-law, Captain William Allen Pennoyer, a veteran of the Civil War, wounded at South Mountain, "A man of rare intelligence and progressive ideas."

The "Grand Canal" (Erie) was much discussed and caused much criticism. Some called it the "big ditch" and scoffed at the undertaking, while others, like the editor of *The Recorder*, "anticipated with pleasure the time when the waters of the Great Lakes shall mingle with those of the Hudson."

The breaking of ground for the Catskill & Canajoharie Railroad was a great event. "On October 27, 1831, John C. Marshall headed the procession" and the first shovelful of dirt was lifted "on the lot west of Captain Allen's house." It was in the fall of 1835 that work was commenced on the Van Vechten farm, about eighty rods west of the house and between it and the bridge. "Thomas B. Cooke, president of the Catskill Bank; Orrin Day of the Tanners Bank; John Adams, lawyer; Solomon Woodruff, contractor; were among those who took part, T. B. Cooke breaking the first ground."

The railroad was opposed all along the line by the farmers, and the engineer was not disposed to compromise. The first survey was in front of the Van Vechten house, between it and the barn, and naturally the brothers fought hard to have the route changed. John protected, but the engineer declared he would run the road through the house if he saw fit. He reckoned without due appreciation of Dutch character, however, for John told him "no man or set of men would ever build a railroad between the old stone house and barn while a Van Vechten lived on the farm." John was himself a sur

veyor, a man of few words who knew his rights, and after stakes had been set three times, and three times they were promptly removed, the engineer decided it would be policy to have the line run back of the house. Here it destroyed the garden, smoke-house and pig-pen and came so close to the corner of the house as to necessitate a heavy sustaining wall. The blasting through Austin's Glen was a great attraction to men and boys alike, and many were sure to be on hand to see the big rocks roll to the creek-bed, the air filled with debris. It was four years before the railroad was ready for business. When at last it was finished it extended from Catskill to Cooksburg, a distance of 26 miles.

The great prosperity looked for when the road was built was never realized. "It was a financial failure." When its small engine became disabled it was necessary to send it to Paterson, which in those days was a long journey by steamboat to Jersey City and then drawn by horses over the highway to Paterson. All this trouble and expense was in vain, for on its return it refused to budge, and "again it made the tedious journey with the same result," and the old stage-horse took its place for a time until finally the road was sold by the Comptroller and bought by the Catskill Bank for \$11,000. The state had pledged its credit for \$200,000. Hiram Van Steenburgh took up the iron and timber, and the railroad became a thing of the past, to be succeeded in 1882 by the Catskill Mountain RR., which followed the same road-bed as far as South Cairo, turning from there to Palenville, with a branch built later to Cairo. In 1918 the Catskill Mountain road was in its turn reduced to junk and oblivion.

Along the Vosen Kill have been many changes since it was the home of Hans Vos, from whom it received its name. Samuel Haight, merchant and Brigadier General, kept in memory by the long hill at the foot of which he had his store, wharf and house (the last afterward owned by Joseph Allen, now by Elmer Davis), a retired sea captain, removing to Athens, where he "lived respected and died lamented."

The Bulls Head tavern, its two signs painted one by artist Cole the other by Church his pupil, stood on the west side of the Vosen Kill and at one time was kept by a Mr. Gleason, "who had flower beds on the island," and afterward by William Salisbury, father of the late Frank Salisbury, who has left a drawing of the vicinity which shows it as he remembered it. A bark-pile occupied the place of Allen street, and the road ran between this and Rouse's tannery along the stream. Where the trolley barns recently stood were sheep-pens. Next to the pens, as there was then no road or bridge across the Catskill on the south of the turnpike, were the barns of William Salisbury and Gilbert's lumber office, and across the mouth of the Vosen Kill and along the Catskill was the lumber yard. Between the tavern on the other side of the turnpike and the Allen house was an ammunition house. In the early days the public road ran back of the Allen house and then, turning sharply, ran along the stream to the bridge.

Catskill was several times visited with cholera, but 1854 is known as "the cholera year," when eighty people died, sixteen in three successive nights. It was a time to try men's hearts. Rev. A. P. Van Giesen returned from his vacation to minister to his people when he learned the situation. For two weeks there had been only one minister in the village (Dr. Howard). The physicians were overworked, and "one Cook Hull, on his way over the mountains, stopped and successfully treated some of the worst cases." There were many heroes and some deserters, one of the last a physician who fled to the mountains and left his wife to die, returning when danger was past. His former friends had no use for him and he soon left for another town. David B. Dunham and Francis Botsford "often buried the dead, unaided and alone."

There are memories of faces passed on, "doctors, lawyers, merchants, priests," of judges and the lesser lights, their good deeds fresh in the minds of this generation, but they of necessity must be passed over until some later day. Others are remembered by the few: Dr. Mackey, his hearty laugh, large practice and fast horses; Dr. Fanning, who never took a vacation; Dr. Philip, the first physician of the Homeopathic school to settle in Catskill; Dr. Selden, a tower of strength and skill; Pinckney & Kortz and Joshua Fiero, whose dry goods stores stood for reliability, the latter with his fine span of horses and the curly-headed boy who often sat beside him and later became Senator; John T. Mann, Thomas Ferrier and C. C. Abeel, whose names stood for success. There was the A. J. Foote store of pleasant memory and peppermint sticks, its line of open doors through which came whiffs of coffee and spices, now closed, a grim and forbidding storehouse. Van Loan's was then the one and only headquarters for Santa Claus. Even the iron dog must feel his age, for in 1856 from the pages of the weekly he declares mournfully "I still live." The hospitable home of Philip V. V. Van Orden now stands along the Vosen Kill, its former garden a part of a park and playground made possible by the gift of Mr. and Mrs. James P. Philip in memory of Mrs. Philip's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Pruyn—an oasis and a blessing to the children of the upper ward, a gift that would have delighted Philip Van Orden, who "loved and was beloved of little children."

That dignified Presbyterian lady, clothed in white, gazing down through classic columns along the open pathway to the world below, has during nearly a century and a quarter seen the rise and fall of two railroads and a trolley line, the advent of the motor-bus, the passing of the ox-team and the near elimination of the horse; has seen Main street rise from hub-deep mud to present sanitary conditions and prosperity, its new banks and county buildings, and at her side still stands her venerable companion, the Court House, although "Grasshopper Bridge" over the gully on Court street, and the pretty shepherdess tending the sheep, are no more. The jail of grim memories is now known as "The Heidelberg," and since Stephen Day built the first house on the hill many homes of wealth and beauty have sprung up.

In 1861 war clouds gathered, enlistments were numerous and next year they poured in. In July, 1862, 300,000 men were called for and \$50 bounty paid for volunteers. Then came the draft, and in 1864 another call for 300,000 men. Dr. Ingersoll and Dr. Brace examined applicants for military duty, the women made blankets and articles of clothing, gave money which they solicited or received from festivals, concerts and in other ways. It was called "an unnatural, unnecessary and inhuman war," and it left behind not a few problems. Many rushed to arms with eagerness and haste; they returned to a country upside down as to money, politics and morals; to a burden of debt and the question of pensions.

Always there will be problems. It required brains and skill to build a bridge of stone over the Catskill with only clumsy tools—the most primitive type to build it beautiful, symmetrical and lasting. No doubt there were those who said it was a foolish undertaking. Why not ford the creek as their fathers had done? Who shall say the problem was not as great as that of building a bridge across the Hudson to-day with modern machinery and skilled workmen.

Our fathers had social problems. Did not the Dutchman fume and fuss because the Yankee had invaded the land and his sons and daughters would marry the foreigner, and did not the Yankee fuss also because his children would marry Dutchmen? Paternal authority did not always suffice in those days when youth was supposed to take a back seat. Did they not rebel against the elimination of distilleries, and were not the mountains in consequence filled with secret stills which one after another were ferreted out by the officers of the law, until finally something like temperance was established? There were always those who adhered to the old customs and manner of dress and would not change "even unto death." In later years there was just as much fuss over the dragging of long skirts through filth and dust as to-day over the short ones.

Even Main street has been again and again a problem to the inhabitants of Catskill village. The problem still comes up, but there can be no question of lack of advancement, from the pig wallowing in the mire and upsetting respectable church-goers in a puddle, and the cow-stable opening on the street, to the substantial footing and sanitary conditions of the present. Always there will be extremists, and man will continue to guard his "liberty" as he calls it, but in spite of the pessimist the world grows better in comparison with its increasing numbers, and it is for us to add our mite of lives well lived, open-minded and loyal to our country and our God.

IMBOGHT

THE settlers of the Imboght were mostly Palatines who preferred upland to lowland but journeyed faithfully through the forest to worship at the only church in that region excepting that of Kaatsban, which was also reached through a forest, for, when Dr. Brace used to drive along the King's Road, so dense were the woods that "from the beginning of the Saugerties Road to West Camp he rode in unbroken shade."

One of these early settlers was Jourya Overbaugh, who died in 1739 and gave his lands to his "cousin Christian Overbaugh," who married Sara DuBois. He built a stone cottage about 1745, with a chimney on the outside. The house became the Imboght House of James P. Overbaugh. During the Revolution it was a place of muster for the minute men of the district, and a refuge for their families. At the Imboght was the Kykuit from which warnings of Indians abroad or danger in time of war were flashed to the surrounding country. Johan Peter Overbaugh is buried in a meadow on the east side of it, his tombstone, said to be the oldest in the town, has this inscription: "1734, Septem. 14. J. P. O. B."

In 1777 at the burning of Kingston the inhabitants of the Imboght were greatly alarmed and they drove their stock to the woods and packed their valuables for quick removal. From the top of the Kykuit they saw the burning of Livingston Manor. The Tories of the "Great Imboght" began to plan what should be done with their Whig neighbors' land—even their women were bitter enemies. Jeremy Overbaugh when he went to the house of a Tory to buy some beef was refused, the daughters saying, "No Whig deserves to have anything to eat." When John Overbaugh searched this house for a noted Tory these same daughters concealed the Tory between two feather beds and carried him in that way to the barn on pretext of ridding the beds of bugs. John Overbaugh was a typical Dutch yeoman—conservative, fond of the ways of his fathers, "of sound judgment and a firm believer in the tenets of his church."

Temperance Loveridge, daughter of the pioneer of the Landing, married (1716) William Van Orden and they settled on a part of the Loveridge Patent at the Imboght. Their house was built against a hill, partly of logs and partly of stone. It had heavy oaken shutters and double doors. In front there was a fine view of the Hudson, the "canoe place" and Van Orden's Bay. Besides this canoe place there was one at the head of Burget's Creek and another at the first bend of DuBois Creek. Skiffs and batteaux were used by the Van Ordens, Wynkoops and others to reach Catskill and other places along the Hudson, and to carry farm produce to the sloops. The rights of "canoe places" were strictly guarded.

William Van Orden died in 1765 and was buried near his house. He was one of the elders of the old Catskill church and his sons became men of standing in the town. The inventory of his possessions after his wife's death shows the industry and thrift of the family of a yeoman of that day. After Van Orden died, to make satisfactory division his children cast lots for the land between the Kaleberg and the Hudson. William's share lay along the Saugerties Road and a

lot known as "T. Kleine-hooi-landtje," or little hay field. Margaret's (Dumond) was also along the Saugerties Road, "afterward Longendyke's, and 25 acres near Post's; Elizabeth (also Dumond) 118 acres, John 100 acres, and Ignatius the homestead." William, who had married Sarah DuBois, built himself a house which "became his son Hezekiah's, later Mistress Angelica Overbaugh's." Hezekiah was spoken of as "a man of some estate and unblemished character; ardent Whig, member of the military company of the "Great Imboght" and justice of the peace." His son Jacob, who studied law with Abraham Van Vechten of Albany, was a prominent lawyer of the Greene County Bar, and legal adviser of all Dutch farmers." Jacob was the father of the late William Van Orden, a prominent citizen who married Mary, daughter of Caleb and Keturah (Hill) Hopkins, and lived for many years on the Old King's Road, where his children William and Anna still make their home.

John Van Orden, second son of William of the Imboght, was a faithful patriot, and during the Revolution, too old to fight, was chairman of the military committee. His son William fought at Stillwater and Saratoga, was taken ill with fever and on his way home died at the house of Teunis Van Vechten and was buried on the hill at that place. Benjamin, William's brother, was quartermaster of the New York Volunteers and in 1797 had a store and home at Catskill where the Y. M. C. A. now stands. Peter, another brother, too young for war, acted as scout, and captain of the young men of the Imboght. In 1797 he "became a tavern-keeper on the Windham mountain when there was a tavern for every mile along the Susquehanna Turnpike, and eggs were 8c. a dozen and butter 12c. and 15c. a pound." Ignatius, the third son of William, remained on the homestead and during the Revolution had a commission in Anthony Van Bergen's regiment. He is said to have been "an honest dealer and one of the first and warmest supporters of patriotic principles and American Independence." Margaret Dumond and Jan Baptiste Dumond built a house in 1761, afterward in possession of the Longendykes. It was a tavern during the Revolution, and Dumond was several times under suspicion of disloyalty. In later years Jacob Ten Broeck Van Orden, great-grandson of Ignatius, who lived to be eighty-nine, is spoken of as "grand old man of the Imboght," born and died on the same farm after sixty-seven years of married life: his wife was Catherine Saxe. He had two sons, Henry S. and DeWitt, and one daughter, Mrs. Margaret Haas. Samuel Van Orden also died at the Imboght at the age of eighty-eight, a devout and loyal supporter of the church at Catskill. His children were William and Ten Broeck of Catskill, Chauncey of Chatham, Mrs. Lydia T. Person, Mrs. Jane Fiero and Mrs. Harriet Pritchard of California. The late Mrs. James Badeau was his sister.

In 1783 Wilhelm Dietrich (Dederick) owned Lot No. 5 of the Loveridge Patent, between the Kaaterskill and the King's Road. He was a son of a Palatine from Wurtemburgh, a weaver by trade, lived at West Camp, had an ashery and a blacksmith shop. He gave each of his sons a farm, and one of them (Zacharias) became owner

of the land at the Imboght. His house of stone was built in 1749 by Philip Spaan and stood one hundred years. Here afterward was built the house of Peter Z. Dederick. Not far from this house was the camp of the Mohawks, and it was near the watering trough on the Saugerties Road that a fierce battle between the Indians was fought.

Abraham Person (Peers) lived between the Kaleberg and the Hudson where afterwards Jacob Person lived. Abraham's brother John, born at the Imboght, died in Roxbury in 1738. "He was universally beloved, respected and esteemed by all his neighbors and acquaintances. He was attentive and diligent in his occupation, punctual in his engagements, peaceable in society and charitable to the distressed." Abraham Person's grandson Abraham took what was afterward the Post farm, and Henry the "land which was successively Kittel's, DeWitt's and John Post's."

The Lockerman Patent lay south of the Loveridges. Jacob Lockerman came from Holland and with his two brothers was among the first settlers in New Netherland. In 1664 he was a peace commissioner between the Mohawks and the northern Indians, and bought the land (1686) at the Imboght which descended to his daughter Catherine, wife of Wessel Ten Broeck of Albany. One of his sons obtained a patent for his share in 1740.

Evert Wynkoop came into possession in 1789 or 1791 of a farm in the Loveridge Patent where his son, Hezekiah Wynkoop, built a block-house, but Hezekiah removed to Kingston and another son (William) made it his home. One of William's daughters married a Schoonmaker who bought the homestead. In the meantime Hezekiah, the brother of William, married Elizabeth Dederick, and his grandson, Mynderse Wynkoop, married Mary E. Schoonmaker and the homestead returned to the Wynkoops. Henry Wynkoop, father of Mynderse, was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas at Kingston and soldier of the War of 1812. The stone house of the Wynkoops was built in 1792. A great-uncle of Mynderse used sometimes to come to the Dutch church at Catskill on skates "and surprise the people by marching up the aisle with his skates hanging on his arm." These skates, which might have belonged to a giant, so big were they, came from Holland. He was a good skater and in a straight-away race no one could catch up with him.

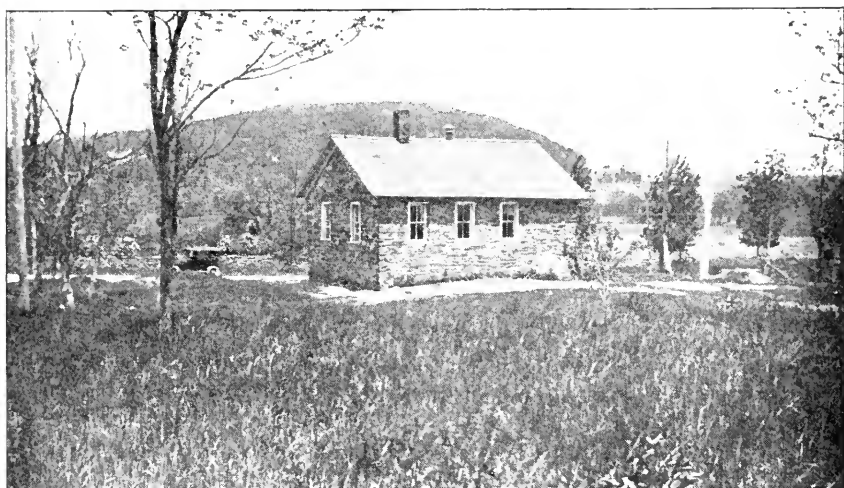
In 1873 at Abram Post's occurred a daring robbery. The family were surprised at supper and firmly bound while the thieves rifled the house of money and jewelry and partook of a hearty supper. Some time after they had gone one of the family succeeded in freeing himself and gave the alarm, but no trace at that time could be found of the robbers. Later some of the property was recovered. Abram Post settled at the Imboght in 1800, and his son Charles was for several terms Supervisor, also Sheriff.

Mrs. Isaac Snyder, who died in 1912, was a daughter of Frederick Martin and born in the stone house of the Martin homestead, now the property of the Seaboard Cement Company.

In 1762 the Fieros, Trumbours, Saxes and Burgers came into possession of land at the Imboght, and in 1783 had houses there.

MONTGOMERYVILLE

A MILE and a half from Leeds, at the junction of a little stream called the "Valje kilitje" with the Catskill, was the site very early in the history of Greene county of a grist and saw-mill, and later (1809) Ezekiel Benton had a grist-mill, clothier's mill and distillery. The following year it was leased by Montgomery Stevens and John Wolcott, and the little settlement near by was called Montgomeryville. In 1792 Ashley Gilbert, merchant, lived there, his wife Lodema Day of Madison. The old stone schoolhouse no doubt belonged to this little hamlet. The house of Mrs. Cammer was a hotel, another house stood opposite the Charles Sherman house; in the '50s the George Philip place (afterward Wetmore's), and one back of George Puffer's, besides the Abram Philip house (Lindsey's).



SCHOOL HOUSE AT MONTGOMERYVILLE (NEAR LEEDS)

the Van Hoesen house (burned down), Wolcott's and another one opposite. The little hamlet had many adversities. In 1810 the grist and clothier's mills and the distillery were destroyed by fire and between 3,000 and 4,000 bushels of wheat, rye and corn besides a quantity of flour, corn meal and three pipes of gin were lost. The distillery belonged to Stevens, and the mills had been leased to John Wolcott for ten years. Before this Wolcott had a leather-store at Madison. Four years after the fire a sand-bank caved in, precipitating the little son of John Wolcott into the creek. No bruises could be discovered on his body but he died a half-hour later.

During the "big shower" of 1819 Wolcott's mills were inundated, much flour lost and the distillery and plaster-mill swept away. At this time the house of one June was surrounded with water, and Mr. June, thinking his little daughter was in the house, in an attempt to rescue her was drowned. The family had abandoned the house and were saved. On the following day the grist-mill, having been undermined, fell to the ground.

The place was known for many years as Wolcottville and Wolcott's Mills, and remained in the family until a few years ago.

Beyond Wolcott's is what is known as "Whiskey Hill," and here was the distillery and tavern. The hill received its name when a barrel of whiskey rolled away and the contents ran down the hill.

Dr. Samuel Dodge, who had two children, Clarence and Alice, at one time lived at Salisbury Manor.

South Cairo lies next along the Catskill, and once Bijah Ransom lived there—known by his spotted oxen—his house called the "Do-doop-in." Across the way was the Carman house (still standing), an inn or tavern where the early stage-coach changed horses. To the west and also along the Catskill was the home of Cornelius Van Deusen, brother of Claudius, who with the Blackmars had a part in the history of the Leeds church. Blackmar was (1827) one of the superintendents of the poor, and with Orrin Day and James Sanford asked for gratuitous service of clergy for the Poor House on Sundays, there having been objections to paying a minister for this purpose. The farm of James Elting was at South Cairo. He was one of the good elders of the church at Madison. His son Francis, born there, remained on the farm until 1875, when removed to Dutchess county. He was an elder of influence in the Reformed Church at Leeds, honorable and upright, and the same can be said of his brother James, who became owner of part of the Salisbury estate near Leeds, and built a house on the hill overlooking the flats.

Sandy Plains, on the opposite bank of the Catskill and a part of the Salisbury Patent, was the home of John Salisbury and his descendants. Frederick Salisbury was a well-known citizen and pillar of the Methodist Church at that place, which claims to have been the first of its kind in the town. Henry Weeks and John Pine were among the first class leaders. The first building has been abandoned and another built near the South Cairo bridge. John Rouse and Joseph Bevier were deacons in the stone church at Leeds.

James Barker, "Patroon" and a "prominent member of the English Bar," with twenty-three families settled at Woodstock before the Revolution. His wife was a lineal descendant of the Tudors.

Of the history of the villages in the upper valley of the Catskill there is not space to tell. A part of the "Great Western Wilderness," it was only here and there before the Revolution that some brave pioneer and his family made a home, but after the war settlements grew rapidly along the "Great Road" and soon the stage-coach rattled along the way. Cairo, once Shingle-Kill, then Canton, beautiful in its setting of everlasting hills with bald-headed, rugged-faced Round Top guarding its more beautiful sisters, on whose side the first log cabin in that region was built, the scene of the murder of the Stropes by the Indians, and the capture of Frederick Schermerhorn.

Acra, near which Thurlow Weed was born, almost overshadowed by the mountains. Durham, the home of Hon. Lyman Tremain, like

Cairo on a branch of the Catskill, is inseparable from the Susquehanna Turnpike and the stage-coach. The creek at Durham village was first Sawmill Creek, then Prink, and now Durham, its source Cold Spring on Mount Pisgah. Freehold, where Major Augustine Provost, a peaceable Loyalist, settled on 7,000 acres in 1794 and married a daughter of another Loyalist, Jacob Bogardus of Catskill Landing. Provost was a distinguished officer of the French War and through a long life maintained an unsullied character. Oak Hill claims the first settlement in Durham town, that of Lucas DeWitt, the Planks and Egbertson (1772)—Hollanders all. DeWitt's wife was a daughter of Abraham Person of the Imboght, and he was noted for his portable grist-mill which he hid in a hollow log during the Revolution, and, returning in 1781, taken from its hiding place, was again set up and doing service until a mill was built nearby on the Catskill. Franklinton and Preston Hollow lie wedged between hills and mountains along the Catskill, from the summits of which one might easily roll down to the main street. Before the motor-car became the accepted means of travel one could not make their acquaintance without hours spent on dusty roads or perhaps hub-deep mud; now they are near neighbors where one can dine or sup at pleasure, always providing no untoward tack or accident hinders the locomotion of Henry. Catskill fifty years ago was a five-hour journey from Durham, stopping at Cairo for rest or lunch, and in winter preparations for it were hot soapstones, buffalo robes, furs, shawls and blankets. Not a few of the older men wore heavy gray woolen shawls. Now it is just an after-supper spin down to the movies, and back again to Durham before midnight.

Imagine if you can the spirit of the red man coming back from the "happy hunting ground" in this twentieth century. His old home would no longer be a fit dwelling place for a roving Indian and he would withdraw quickly and stealthily as of old from a place so unsuited to his taste. The smooth highway, with its ill-smelling swift-footed, nameless beasts of many shapes and colors outstripping his fastest pony; the clattering machine birds overhead; the wonderful wigwams of the white man intruding even in the highest solitude of the hills on his old hunting ground; and if he should find some spot untouched by desecrating hand and draw his bow on game which in the flesh he would have despised, gone would be the freedom of the hills, for a paleface would spring up, demand his credentials and attempt to put his spirit behind prison bars.

KISKATOM

THE early settlers of the "beautiful vale of Kiskatom" were worshippers at old Catskill, coming through the "Five Mile Woods" a long distance on horseback. The name Kiskatominakauke is found in a deed of 1708, a purchase from the Indians by one William Beekman, who in 1717 had 370 acres and later 2,000 more. It is described as "lying under the Blew Hills * * * and below where the Kiskatametic Kill watereth into said Kaaterskill." Excepting a portion of the Catskill Patent, it included the whole valley of Kiskatom. This was no doubt the beginning of Kiskatom, and Becker, Rau, Jung, Schmid and others lived there in 1727. Probably during the Revolution the valley was almost deserted for safer quar-



KISKATOM REFORMED (DUTCH) CHURCH

ters, although we know Wynkoop had a mill on the Kiskatom Creek, and the wife of young Strobe with her children, when the house was burned and the elder Strobes murdered by Indians in 1781 at Round Top, made her way through the forest to Timmerman's. There is standing to-day just beyond the cross-roads a house which has been in the Timmerman family for many years. It still has the heavy double doors and a well-sweep. The road formerly ran in front of the house, but this did not please the great-grandmother of the present owners, and a strip of ground was exchanged for it which brings the barn instead of the house facing the road to Round Top.

In 1796 John Schepmouse died at "Kiskadominatia," a farmer, and captain in Abeel's regiment, and before 1804 John Freleigh owned 300 acres at "Kiskataminisia," and Henry More was a very early settler, building the house on what is now the George W. Winans farm and succeeded by his son. In 1796 John More was one of the Commissioners of Common Schools. Peter Scram was owner of the Saxe farm afterward in the possession of the Saxes for 118 years. One Frederick Saxe was known as the "bear hunter," a leader by nature, and up to "middle life a leader in wickedness without fear of God and man." He became suddenly converted on hearing the church bells as he was fishing in the Hudson, and put the same energy into the Christian life as he had into that which was evil. He wasted no time but announced a prayer meeting in the schoolhouse, and although no one came but himself he went on with the service, and when asked who was there replied, "God was there and I was there." Next Sunday evening the place was crowded and out of it grew the church of Kiskatom. He joined the Leeds church, became deacon and elder and his sincerity was never questioned. His son John was also a mighty hunter known as "Bear John." He was a member of the church and a good citizen. John F. was father of the late Frederick Saxe, who married Betsey Linzey. They were the parents of Washington Saxe and Mrs. Herbert Lasher.

The Overbaughs were among the early settlers and have left an impress for good on the community. The names of Jeremiah and William (Billy) Overbaugh stand for consistent living, piety and work for the church.

In 1832, one hundred years after the first church at Old Catskill was built, began the building of one at Kiskatom. Seymour Collins was the builder, and Peter Pelham laid the foundation. The building committee was composed of R. M. Lawrence, Isaac G. DuBois, Joseph Saxe, John C. Myer and Frederick Saxe. A Sabbath School in charge of Jonas Snyder was held in the Remsen schoolhouse and continued to be held there for many years. In 1842 the Kiskatom Church called its own minister, Rev. William Lyall.

Before the church was built, Dr. Wyckoff preached in private houses, one of which was Aunt Betsey Sax's, grandmother of Mrs. Peter Van Bramer. He also preached in the Bethel schoolhouse and gave it its name. Rev. Benjamin Hoff, aided by Rev. Dodge, held a great revival in 1842. Men left their ploughs in the furrow to attend the services, and forty or more were added to the church. The last resident pastor was the late Rev. Sydney O. Lawsing.

CLOVES OF THE CATSKILLS

THE "Cloves" of the Catskill range are the gateways leading to the maze of mountain peaks behind nature's bulwarks, stretching in what seems an unbroken line through the valley of the Hudson. The three principal cloves—Kaaterskill, Plattekill, and Stony Clove—run almost at right angles through the mountains with a common meeting place at the top.

In the time of the Indian their footpaths followed the streams of these cloves through wonderful forest fastnesses, through fern and brake and tangled laurel, over mossy rocks, along precipices and beneath giant beeches, oaks and hemlocks to the "Western Wilderness." The early settler when necessity demanded followed these same trails on horseback, with ever-ready gun, peering cautiously around for fear of panther or wolves, and in time of war for skulking Indians or Tories.

The Kaaterskill because of its new roadway has preëminence to-day. A pioneer geologist in reference to it writes of "numerous copperheads and rattlesnakes, eagles soaring overhead, of trees interlacing over the stream where five-pound trout were caught; of perpendicular ledges crowned by enormous rocks, over which wave the pine with its funeral verdure, often projecting over the cliff like nodding plumes."

As settlers increased the trail became a rough track for the cart and ox-team which toiled slowly but surely along the way. Then came the era of the horse, and the road was rudely but better built, and in 1823 became a turnpike with a toll-gate at its foot. At one time there were two tanneries along the way, a village of 200 people sprang up, keeping in memory the names of Palen, Kiersted and Quackenboss. Here homes were built, orchards planted, and the destruction of the hemlocks began. The ruins of this village can still be seen, a few gnarled and knotted apple trees remaining.

With the coming of the automobile a new and improved highway from the county seat to the mountain towns became necessary. It took seven years to build, cost \$400,000 and is due to Hon. J. L. Patrie's exertions in its behalf. As you approach the mountains on your way from Catskill you see here and there on South Mountain the chimney of some bungalow above the trees, but the mountain meadows with the isolated farmhouse where the pioneer and his family lived their lives of toil are hidden from sight, most of them now the summer home of the rest-seeker. The house of Italian architecture occupied by Dr. White and family is noticeable against the background of towering cliff on the third ledge. Before you is Palenville, named in honor of Jonathan Palen, its long main street open to the breezes of the Clove, with the Rowena Memorial School and Gloria Dei Protestant Episcopal Church, both of stone, its most striking features. It is also the home of Mrs. Hiland Hill, who owns much of the land on South Mountain.

The mountains seem to spread apart for your convenience, South Mountain on the one side and High Peak on the other. You cross the Kaaterskill and begin your climb—a climb not comparable with other days. Some cars take it without a groan or change of gear.

others hesitate, muttering a little, but succeed without much effort. Only the road is changed. Indian Rock still stands out in all its barren dignity; Overlook is there, although the dwelling or hotel which proved a financial failure has long since disappeared. You turn a corner and Profile Rock is before you. It has lost none of its beauty of dripping moss and fern-covered cliff, and the Old Man's grotesque features still guard the pass. A little beyond is Fawn's Leap.

From this point the new road begins its ascent, soon leaving the old far below. The old road followed the stream for some distance through a valley, while the new one avoids its overflow and hugs the mountainside, preferring to advance upward gradually and not climb heavenward in one long steady pull.

The old road was full of thrills and dangers; the thrills are still there—and more—but danger and steep grades have been reduced to a minimum. To see the road at its best one must go both up and down it in an open car, but to walk without haste in the early morning, to linger here and there along the way, to absorb the stillness and the mystery, the heights above and the depths below; to leisurely watch the waters on their rocky, boulder-strewn way to the valley—that were a pleasure with which no automobile ride can compare.

Seven times since the road has been in process of construction has the writer passed up and down it, six times on foot and once by motor power, and in all seasons of the year, in sunshine and storm, has climbed over impossible land-slides, scrambled down rocky and thorny ways when road construction came to an unexpected end, and with the "Mother of Catskill" has stuck in the stickiest kind of red clay, said "Mother" emerging with terra cotta limbs but cheerful countenance, determined not to turn back—a picture long to be remembered. The writer was saved from a similar fate by a wobbly rail which threatened a life-sized clay plaster cast, but whatever the season or condition the clove never failed to charm with its beauty.

One never-to-be-forgotten day, roused from our beds by the honking of the taxi—the faithless alarm clock having failed us—five minutes later in darkness and without our breakfast or lunch we were on our way to the station. At Kingston a cup of lukewarm coffee and some cereal rewarded us for early hours. When we reached Phoenicia the mountain-tops were white with frost and filmy clouds hung low along their sides. Snow began to fall softly in the valley, the evergreens seized the flakes as they fell for a coverlet, the austere look of winter forests was changed and softened, every rock and twig became transformed. What mattered cold coffee or lunch—rather the lack of it? The snow was not falling thick enough to obscure the mountains, but the flakes whirled in eddies down the valleys as the engine with much huffing and puffing poked its nose up Stony Clove and brought us to Haines Falls. The houses at Twilight Park were snow-mantled and hanging on the edge of a misty abyss. There were few cars stirring that day.

and their drivers had doubts of our sanity, but we were just happy tramps on the broad highway with only chocolate and cold water for refreshment.

Haines Falls and the Kaaterskill, their voices hushed and solemn beneath Jack Frost's covering, rushed on their way as if in haste to reach the valley before they should be conquered and held fast in the grip of the enemy. Tier upon tier of icicles hung from the rocks, some ten feet in length. Profile Rock was bewhiskered and bedecked with ice formations. At the foot of the clove a half-dozen workmen were seated on a log around a blazing fire before the open fireplace of a tall chimney, all that was left intact of the recently-burned artist's home—in spite of adverse circumstances dispensing hospitality.

There is or was another road on the northern side of the clove which was built by home talent as it were, after engineers had pronounced the task hopeless (H. E. Dibble, contractor) leading to the Hotel Kaaterskill, or, as it was then known, the Harding House. It is still worth following although passable only as a path. From it can be had grand vistas of the valley, glimpses of the new road, and a sweeping view of the forest-covered sides of High Peak. There are immense old hemlocks and beeches on every side, and precipices from which one draws back with a shudder. The mountains are more impressive from this road, chiefly because of its wildness and the forest stillness, and but for traces of man in bridges and telephone poles might well belong to past centuries.

From the end of the new road the distance is short to Kaaterskill Falls and the lakes of which the creek is the outlet, and which at the falls leaps 150 feet to the ledge below, where with widespread skirts it takes another dizzy plunge, forming the falls, inseparable from thoughts of Cooper and his "Leather Stocking Tales," in which he has so faithfully painted a word picture of the little stream and its surroundings. A succession of falls and cascades, joined by the West Branch, it dashes down the cleft between the mountains, steals around boulders, drops into deep pools and is sometimes lost sight of from the road, but at last, after divorcing the "Village of Falling Waters" from its lesser half, wanders aimlessly up and down the valley in doubling curves, twice intruding upon Ulster county. Twenty-five miles from its source it empties into the Catskill—"as the crow flies it is less than ten."

Once there was a boulder of about 50 tons, measuring 175 feet, resting insecurely at the top of the Kaaterskill Falls. A party of men from Cairo and Catskill decided on a new way to celebrate Independence Day. On July 3, 1820, they made their way to the spot, camped for the night and next day succeeded in pushing the boulder over the falls. "The effect was awful and sublime, the crash tremendous, exceeding the loudest thunder—the tremulous motion of the earth and the long murmuring echo rolling from point to point through the ravine gave to the scene an indescribable degree of grandeur. The rock was shattered in a thousand pieces. Toasts were then drunk and volleys of musketry fired."

Here at the falls is the Laurel House, inseparable from the memory of the hospitable Schutts and their captive bears. Its beginning was "a stand set up by Willard Cowen in 1824."

The Mountain House, a landmark for miles up and down the valley, still stands on the spot known as Pine Orchard. In 1819 a party was taken there on horseback by Erastus Beach. They spent the night camping on the flat rocks with "all creation" below them. Soon a shack was built for the accommodation of travelers, and in 1823 "temporary buildings" were advertised as "taken by William Van Bergen, whose accommodations are good and the house well furnished." Erastus Beach ran a stage three times a week to meet the boat at Catskill. A company was formed and a road built from Colonel Lawrence's to the hotel the next year, and a grand Independence Day celebration was held at Pine Orchard, the small building enlarged to "140 feet length" with four stories, and the interior "fitted up in superior style."

Pine Orchard was the favorite camping ground of Indians, and the legend still lingers of Lotowana the daughter of the chief Shandaken, whom Norseredden, "a cruel and dissipated Egyptian," sought to win although she was betrothed to a young chief of the Mohawks. Norseredden, enraged at the failure of his suit and vowing revenge, caused the death of the beautiful Indian maiden by the gift of a casket which contained a poisoned dart. He was pursued and burned at the stake by the warriors of the old chief, and his ashes left up the rocks to be scattered by the winds of heaven.

The Mountain House was the pioneer boarding house of that region. The road, no longer a necessity, over which travelers in days gone by reached the Mountain House by stage-coach, is dangerous for any but skillful and experienced drivers. The Rip Van Winkle house is gone and Rip's chair falleth into decay, but Sleepy Hollow and the famous Rip belong to South Mountain alone, and not, as one might suppose by various signs to be met with from New York to Albany, to any other part of the Catskills.* William Freese, one of those who drove the four-horse stage up the mountain, is still living at Catskill.

From the mountain-top one has a choice of innumerable automobile trips over good roads, and can revel in the scenic beauty nowhere lacking in the maze of mountain peaks and smaller ranges, or he can go to East Windham, the one-time home of Barney Butts, noted hunter and trapper of bears, and from its one-sided street on Windham Mountain enjoy a view of miles and miles of valley of which one never tires, and take the new road down to South Durham, Cairo and Catskill—around the block as it were.

West Saugerties, in summer an attractive little village, lies at the foot of the Plattekill Clove where the road goes suddenly upward, steep, and none too wide. Part way up is a resting place with seats for weary travelers, called Doyle's Park. There is a

* Rip Van Winkle house was built by William Comfort of Catskill and planned by Ira Saxe.

horseshoe curve as you ascend, where you look down into the courtyard of nature's castle, its surrounding walls majestic mountain-sides, the road a balcony from which you look down upon it. There a grass-grown road winds among the trees beneath which you are sure there are dancing fairies, and to the north from the top of a cliff flashes a silvery waterfall quickly lost behind the green, then reappearing some distance below, telling of the unseen Plattekill racing and tumbling through the valley. The wind whistles and whirls the tree-tops, all but the spire-topped spruces, which seem to stand invincible. A passing cloud on this first day of September spits a mouthful of snowflakes and they float lazily down to the courtyard to tell the fairies that winter is coming.

From the summit of the Plattekill Clove along a little path above "Devil's Kitchen," or farther on where another leads to the edge of the abyss, there is a view surpassing anything the other cloves have to offer, but the scenic beauty of its roadway is not in general so inspiring or diversified as that of the Kaaterskill. Perhaps if one knew the Plattekill well, was intimate with the stream which drops 2,500 feet to the valley but which the present road has



scorned to follow, one might not draw so strong comparisons, for it has grandeur peculiar to itself.

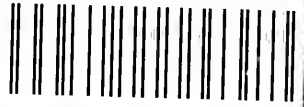
From Platte Clove village at the summit the road is good and runs past fine farms and through beautiful mountain scenery to Tannersville. You pass the "House in the Woods" and "Siefferths," and if you are fortunate enough, as we were, to discover farther on "Mabel the Pathfinder," you may be courteously shown the short cut to Tannersville and Haines Falls, behind Round Top and past Clum Hill, by the house of Greek architecture which Welles Bosworth, well-known architect, has built on a spot the view from which no pen of ordinary ability would dare try to picture. From there a narrow road, rough and steep, leads to Tannersville.

Stony Clove is unlike either of the others. Its sides draw closely together and as you descend it a mountain seems to block the way. You are too near to form a fair conception of these lofty elevations which surround you—one must tarry awhile for that. The stream flows softly at your side, and trout hide in its pools. It was once described as the "brook that never laughs, nor ripples, nor gurgles, but glides with muffled feet over cushioned rocks, silent always, slipping through perpetual twilight." If the railroad had not intruded in the narrow pass you would not be surprised if bear or panther should dispute the way, but as it is the long-drawn-out whistle of the engine, like the call of some monster beast, has a weird sound as it echoes and re-echoes from cliff to cliff. Stony Clove is one to be loved and lived with throughout long summer days, and from it also you can reach Hunter and the heart of the mountains.

The Catskills lack the sublime aloofness of the Rockies, their snow-covered peaks reaching heavenward; the restless alluring waterways of the Adirondacks; the wonderful coloring of the Blue Ridge—their distinctive feature is not in these things. What they lack in vastness they make up in mystery, the mystery of dark forests and caverns, of unexpected grassy meadows, innumerable paths and roads that lead nowhere, hidden springs and cascades, for the Catskills specialize in cascades. The spots devoid of trees are not flat granite rocks like the Adirondacks—the rocks of the Catskills have a tendency toward the artistic; mosses, ferns, fallen trees, acres of tangled laurel fill up the gaps, and the white birch springs up quickly and adds beauty and ghostliness.



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